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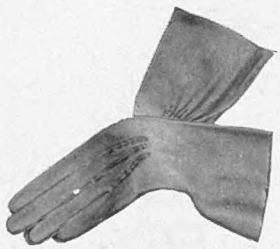

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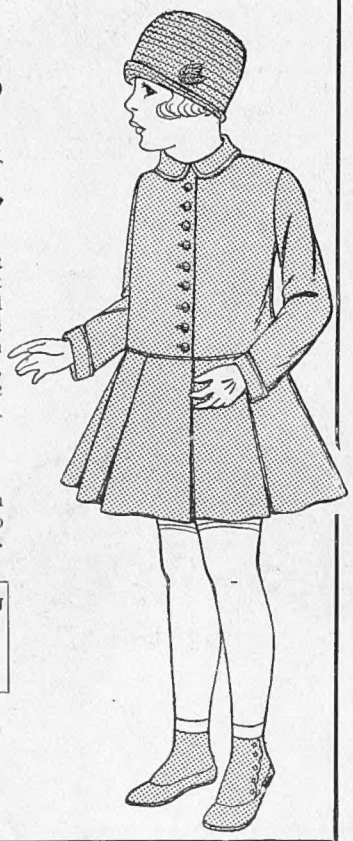

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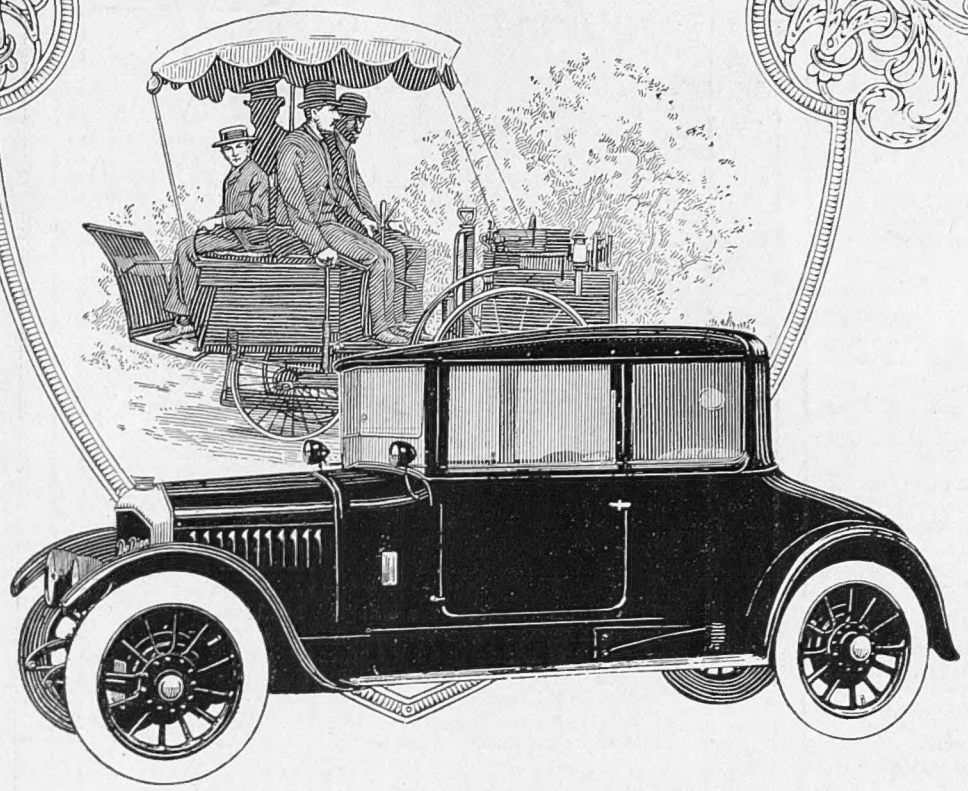

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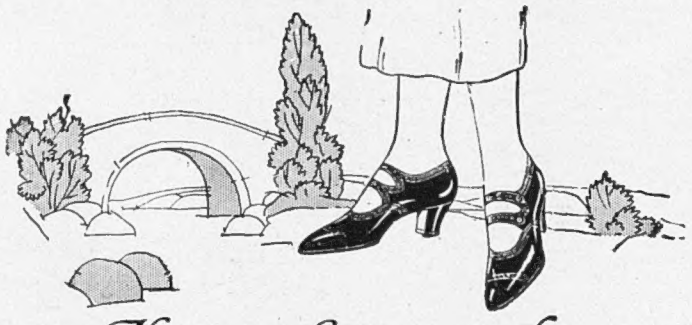

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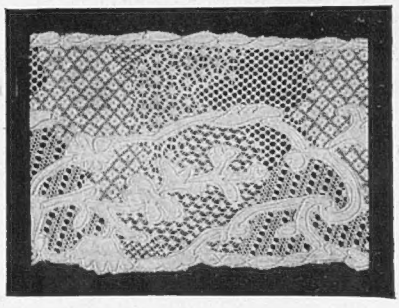

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Managing Director, Francis Towle.

Jan Steen gives us here a little sketch of old Dutch family life—the flask and glasses containing Bols, of course.

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The Bystander, March 10, 1926

No. 1162. Vol. LXXXIX

The BYSTANDER

BY ALBERT BAILEY

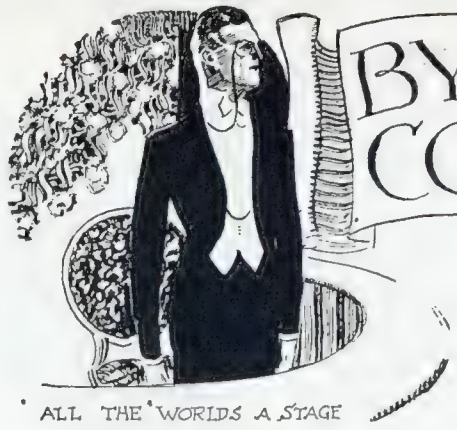
THE OLD-FASHIONED DRESS

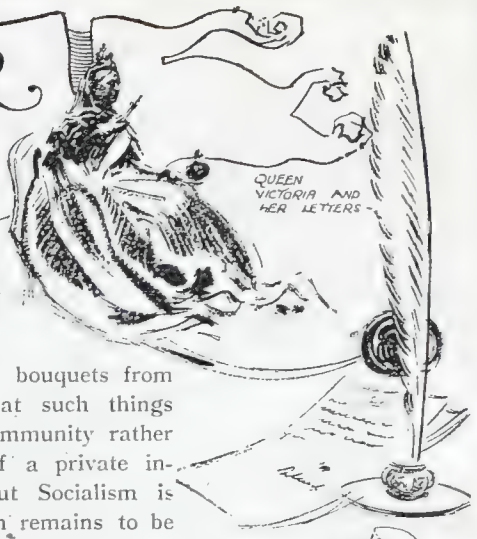
"In the Merry, Merry Spring-time"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE NEW HEATH ROBINSON POTATO DIBBER FOR PLANTING SEED POTATOES IN THE EARLY SPRING

BYSTANDER COMMENTS.





Thrilling Volumes

QUEEN VICTORIA, through the publication of her letters, has dominated all other issues during the past fortnight, just as she dominated the greater part of the nineteenth century. If the young folk of to-day are reading these thrilling volumes, they will be startled by the rather strained relations that existed between this autocratic old lady and the realm over which she ruled during the middle period of her long reign.

Temporary Unpopularity

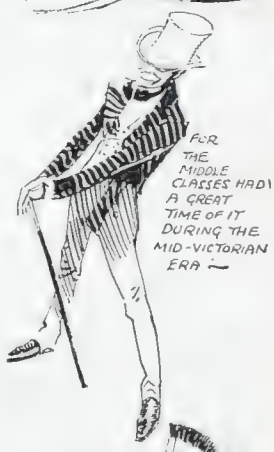
To be quite frank, this poor Queen seems, for a while, to have succeeded in pleasing no one. Naturally, she had little in common with fashionable society, for she hated racing and most forms of frivolity. Equally naturally, she irked her advisers as all autocrats are apt to do, but her temporary unpopularity with the great middle classes, based on her refusal to indulge in public ceremonial of all kinds, is difficult to understand. For the middle classes had a great time of it during the mid-Victorian era—a greater time than they are likely to enjoy again.

The Poor Old Middle Classes

As Sir Sidney Low says, "the middle-class standard was accepted in politics, morals, literature and art," and in these days, when the middle classes come in for so much sympathy, it is comforting to realise that they have so recently had their day. One end of the social scale was under a cloud, the other end simply didn't exist, and the middle portion grew fat and prosperous—a very different state of affairs to that existing to-day, when the centre section appears to be paying for both ends.

Practical Socialism

TALKING of class distinctions, the very handsome gift to a poor London area by a great newspaper proprietor raises the question of practical Socialism. I don't think the generous donor will get many bouquets from those theorists who argue that such things should be the duty of the community rather than remain at the mercy of a private individual's kindly impulse. But Socialism is still a long way off, and much remains to be done while it is still on the way. Such carping criticism is merely an unworthy cloak to hide the selfish nature of the critic who is only prepared to be generous with other people's money.



About a New Play

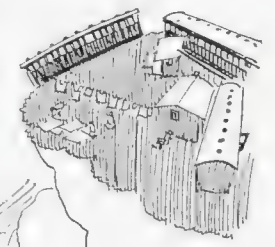
MR. H. F. MALTBY, who wrote *A Temporary Gentleman* and *The Rotters*, has just completed a new play, and, when I met him at a certain large seaside hotel last week, he told me all about it. Dotted about on the South Downs, from Guildford to Eastbourne, are some of the most extraordinary settlements that the mind of man can conjure up. Discarded railway coaches, derelict tram-cars, old Army huts and cabins constructed from broken-up packing cases, form the homesteads of the inhabitants thereof. In these strange new settlements lives a new race that has sprung into existence during the past few years.

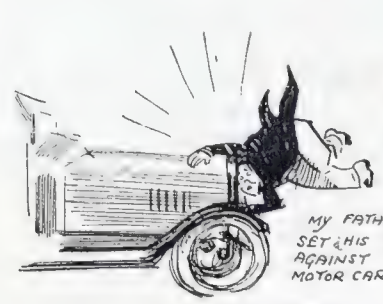
A Strange Setting

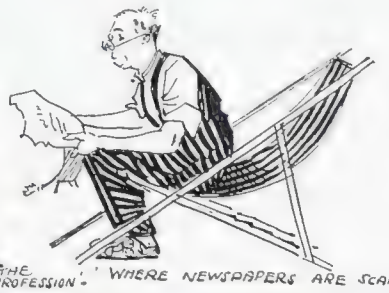
FEW of these settlements can boast of roads, the telephone is unknown to them, lamps and candles form their only means of illumination, and the postman, when he comes, dumps his mail at the cabin situated at the point nearest to civilisation. Newspapers are scarce, and Mr. Maltby assured me that he had seen an elderly settler, seated at the front door of his hut, solemnly reading a scrap of a morning paper, three weeks old, which had been used by some tripper for the purpose of wrapping up his sandwiches. Such is the strange setting of the new play which will be seen in London before long.

What Will Happen

I HAVE myself encountered these strange settlements. There is one just beyond







By Blam

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!"—"HAYDN'S FAREWELL!"

Brighton at Ovingdean, and another in the Cotswolds not so far from Birdlip. They give us a fair notion of what will happen if rural England ever becomes a nation of small-holders. The picture is not a pretty one.

The Puzzled Public

SOMEONE has complained that doctors are becoming unpopular and that they are a most misunderstood body of men. Myself, I admire the medical profession above all others, but I have to admit that they are themselves to blame for these present discontents. The public is ranged solidly on the side of Sir Herbert Barker and Dr. Axham and—common-sense. The public is also puzzled about this question of professional etiquette and publicity. It sees one gentleman who has cured it of its ills publicly pilloried for having his name put in a newspaper, and in the next ten columns it reads nothing but the self-boosting of half-a-dozen distinguished medical men, who are allowed to go scot-free.

Silly and Irritating

THE pundits of the General Medical Council will, I presume, reply that this is a purely domestic matter, and that it has nothing at all to do with the general public. This argument does not suffice. Take my own case. As a journalist, I am frequently faced with the necessity to touch upon one of the many ramifications of the medical profession, and always I find myself placed in a quite unnecessary quandary. May I refer to my friend Dr. So-and-So without bringing him into conflict with his ruling body? May I give you interesting details, as I could, of the head of a great hospital without doing him a personal injury? I don't know! It is all very silly, irritating and unnecessary.

Public Opinion

THE rather superior attitude towards the general public of the cricket authorities on the subject of the Test team selection provides a parallel with the case of the doctors. Both resent outside interference, and both have been manœuvred into an untenable position. It is not enough to say that the cricket public has no voice in the matter, and that if it doesn't approve it can stop away. Public opinion is a force to be recognised now that it has become articulate in the columns of the Press. A newspaper is not the pernicious influence that you might suppose—it is merely the megaphone that enables the man in the street to make himself heard.

Sunday Plays

TWO very significant discussions have occupied the attention of theatrical correspondents. It has been remarked that plays considered unfit for weekday consumption are usually produced on a Sunday evening, and as a natural corollary it is now suggested that the theatres should be allowed to provide normal and healthy entertainment in their place. We are reminded that what is sauce for the cinema is sauce for the playhouse, and there is a lot to be said for the argument. One of these days we shall see our playhouses open on Sunday and closed on Monday, when very few people want to visit them.

Collar-studs and Dough

A NEW collection of essays by modern writers, published by Harraps at a shilling a time, introduces us to writers who are apt to enjoy a too ephemeral popularity. Incidentally, we get glimpses of the men themselves. There is, for instance, Basil Macdonald Hastings, "assistant editor of THE BYSTANDER for three years," who "discourses in his pleasantly revealing way of mislaid collar-studs, fractured tobacco-jars, dough and week-ends," and if he does not "give us a complete philosophy of life," sends us on our way again "with a chuckle of delight, which, in these parlous times, is a boon indeed."

Hurdy-gurdys and Orchids

THERE is also represented in this series James Agate, dramatic critic of the *Sunday Times*, than whom no man is more sure of his likes and dislikes. "I am of Conservative stock," says he. "My father set his face against the motor car, his father against the railway train. Nothing shall inure me to the aeroplane." He will confess that, "from experience, he has found it harder work to turn the handle of a hurdy-gurdy than to write essays," and he will "stop in the middle of a fine quotation to admit that he has never seen a trumpet-orchid."

Off to the Race Meeting

BY E. T. REED

STRESEMANN (*to* BRIAND): "The trap is much more full than when I to go agreed. You pick up fresh passengers that I don't like the looks of. I change my mind—I join the party not. Jawohl"

MR. J. C. I. McCONNEL AND MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK

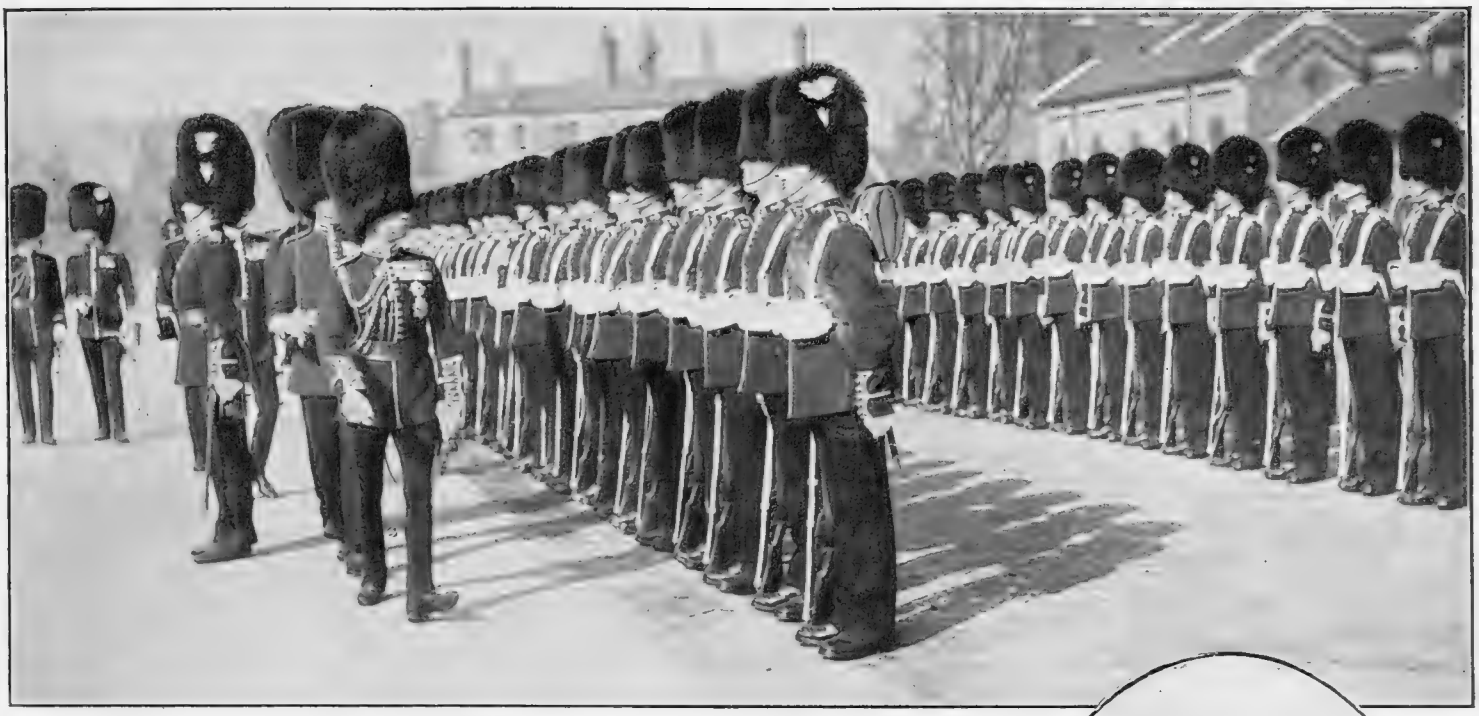
At their wedding reception at Sloane House, Chelsea. The Best Man was Capt. T. B. Trappes Lomax Scots Guards

THREE RECENT WEDDINGS OF NOTE

Photographs *Lenare*

CAPT. WALTER LESLIE AND MISS PHYLLIS LESLIE
After their wedding at St. Columba's, Pont Street

MAJOR J. R. WARREN, M.C., AND MISS EVELINE BOSANQUET
Who were married at All Saints' Church, Witley



Central News

ST. DAVID'S DAY

The Prince of Wales inspecting the Welsh Guards, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief, at Chelsea Barracks on St. David's Day. In the evening he attended the Sergeants' concert

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King and the Royal Engineers

THE King's visit to Chatham this week, to the headquarters of the Royal Engineers, is the first occasion since the War, I believe, that his Majesty has had the opportunity of seeing anything of the famous Corps of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. During the War the King was keenly interested in the "Sapper" training he witnessed during his visits to Aldershot, and especially in the training of the railway men at Longmoor for service in France.

The King will lunch at the Headquarters Mess, which is said to have the finest collection of silver of any Mess in the Army, even finer than that at the Woolwich Mess. By the way, the Duke of Connaught is the only member of the Royal Family who has served with the Sappers, his first commission when he entered the Army at the age of eighteen being in that Corps But after a few months he was transferred to the Royal Artillery, and after a year from the Artillery to the Rifle Brigade.

A Curious Coincidence

IT is a curious coincidence that two houses which owed their existence to the introduction of machinery into cotton-spinning in Lancashire towards the end of the eighteenth century should both be in the market at the present moment, after having been in the possession of their builders' descendants for over a hundred years.

The first Sir Robert Peel, the father of the famous statesman, built Drayton Manor, near Tamworth, after he had revolutionised the cotton manufacture in Lancashire. Drayton really owed its origin to fear. The Lancashire hand-loom workers were so infuriated by the introduction

I. B.

A SURPRISE VISIT

The Queen of the Belgians with Prince Leopold landing at Dover on a surprise visit to England. They were accompanied by the King of the Belgians, who returned to Belgium alone

Bell

A VISIT TO IRELAND

A group taken in Belfast on the arrival of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Churchill. The photograph shows Mr. S. G. Tallents, Imperial Secretary (left), Mr. J. Milne-Barbour, M.P., Mr. C. H. Blackmore, Secretary to Ulster Cabinet, Mrs. Churchill, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. H. M. Pollock, Northern Ireland Minister of Finance, and Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of Belfast

of machinery that they destroyed the new looms and factories wherever they could. Sir Robert Peel therefore started a factory at Tamworth, and built himself the "lordly pleasure house" near by which has now been put up for sale by his double great-grandson, and which I see has already been sold.

Sir Richard Arkwright, who invented the spinning-jenny, which played a considerable part in the creation of the Peel fortune, likewise "builded himself an house"—Willersley Castle, near Cromford, in Derbyshire—but it was unfinished when he died, and was completed by his successor. This is also being put up for sale by a direct descendant of the inventor, Captain R. A. Arkwright.

British Illus.

LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY AND LADY SELINA JAMES

Warter Priory

ANOTHER house connected with the romance of great fortune which I hear is shortly coming into the market is Warter Priory, in Yorkshire, which the first Lord Nunburnholme, the head of the Wilson shipping line, left to his widow, Florence Lady Nunburnholme. His brother, Arthur Wilson, had Tranby Croft, famous as the scene of the Gordon-Cumming baccarat affair.

For close upon thirty years Warter Priory was the scene of brilliant parties and entertainments. The shooting was remarkable, even in a county of good shoots. Within doors and without everything was done perfectly; no hospitality was ever more complete or more luxurious. Naturally there was a change after the first Lord Nunburnholme's death, eighteen years ago, but since the war much of the old hospitality has been revived, especially at the time of the York and Doncaster race meetings.

The gardens at Warter Priory are especially beautiful, and what must add to the wrench to Florence Lady Nunburnholme in selling the house in which she has entertained all the most notable people in England, is the fact that her husband and her two sons—the late Lord Nunburnholme and his brother, Gerald Wilson—are buried in the grounds.

Alfieri

MISS MARJERY SCOTT (left), MRS. CHOLMONDELEY, CAPT. FOX PITT AND MR. GREENACRE

THE CAMERA'S CARD FROM GATWICK

Some of those who were *en evidence* at the recent Steeplechase Meeting

Alfieri

LORD HENRY NEVILL, MISS HELEN ASTLEY AND LADY CAMDEN

Under Which Name?

IF you are a collateral descendant of a peer or a baronet, no matter how far away, you never know what may happen. For instance, Mr. John Pole-Carew, the elder son of the late Sir Reginald Pole-Carew—who in his day as "Polly" Carew was considered the

Alfieri

LADY IRENE PRATT AND MR. GOSDEN

British Illus.

LADY ST. OSWALD, MR. WARREN AND MRS. WIGGINS

handsomest man in the Army—has just succeeded to the Pole baronetcy of Shute. The late baronet, Sir Frederick Arundell de la Pole, was the eleventh of his line. His successor, a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, is descended from the third baronet, who died exactly two hundred and seventeen years ago. So whilst there are collaterals there is hope.

The Pole baronets are descended from the De la Poles, Dukes of Suffolk. A daughter of this house, Margaret de la Pole, Countess of Salisbury, was so nearly related to the throne that Henry VIII had her head chopped off to prevent any possible claims to the succession. The baronetcy dates from 1628, and long before that the family was settled at Shute, in Devonshire. But the

CAPT. DONNER AND LADY AVICE MENZIES

name is rather bewildering, or rather the change of name. Originally it was Pole. The sixth baronet assumed the name of De la Pole towards the end of the eighteenth century; the seventh baronet reverted to the old name; then the eighth baronet assumed the name of Reeves-de-la-Pole, but dropped it later on. His successor used the name of Pole only, but the tenth baronet became De la Pole, and the late baronet, the eleventh, continued the use of that name. It will be interesting to see what the young twelfth baronet will do—whether he will be styled Sir John Pole-Carew, or Sir John De la Pole.

His father inherited a charming old place, Antony, at Torpoint, in Cornwall, and his mother, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the elder daughter of the late Marquis of Ormonde, inherited jointly with her sister, Lady Constance Butler, Shanbally Castle in County Tipperary. Shanbally, I believe, descends to the issue of the two sisters, and as Lady Constance Butler is unmarried, there is, humanly speaking, the possibility of the new baronet

CAPT. DOUGLAS (left), MAJOR HARBOARD, LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS AND LADY PATRICIA WARD

THE ARMY AT PLAY

Some spectators at the recent Army Point-to-Point Steeplechases at Hazleton, near Tetbury

MRS. DUDLEY COATS AND LIEUT.-COLONEL MALISE GRAHAM

one day owning three country places—Shute House in Devonshire, Antony in Cornwall, and Shanbally Castle in Ireland.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, whose children inherit her surpassing good looks, is a cousin of the Duke of Westminster. Her father was Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes for many years.

Ceaseless Endeavour

I HEARD a very real and pleasant thing the other day about a lady whose social aspirations never seem to be satisfied. You and I see her name constantly, either as a hostess or as a guest, in the newspapers. Year in, year out, she toils on from "strength to strength," and so blatantly that all the world knows it. As was once said of another "climber," *Debrett* is her Bible, and the *Blue Book* is her Prayer-book.

The lady of whom I am speaking lives in Z—— Street, a street beset by booming traffic—'buses, motor-lorries, cars; a

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND AND LORD EDNAM

rumble of endless wheels, whose rumbling is relieved from monotony by shrieks and toots from hundreds of motor horns between dawn and dusk.

Somebody who did not love the lady said, "Z—— Street is the noisiest street in London. But even there a lull comes sometimes in the traffic. Yet in those lulls there is always a sound—the sound of Mrs. —— 'climbing'!"

The Idol and the Tar

LORD CHARLEMONT, who has succeeded Lord Londonderry as Minister of Education for Northern Ireland, holds a Viscounty which was created in the early part of the reign of Charles II. About a hundred years later the then holder of the title received an earldom, but this became extinct on the death of the third earl, whose cousin inherited the Carolean viscounty. The present Lord Charlemont is a nephew of that cousin. The third and last Earl was one of Gladstone's most ardent admirers, and when his house in County Tyrone was rebuilt he adorned the façade with statues of the great statesman and of John Bright. The admiration, however, did not last, for the disestablishment of the Irish Church turned all Lord Charlemont's hero-worship to gall and bitterness. As an expression of his hatred of his former idol he ordered the statue of Gladstone to be tarred all over, an operation which was repeated solemnly every year until his death. It was always said that if Gladstone himself had fallen into Lord Charlemont's hands he would have added feathers to the tar.

I. B.

A FOURSOME FROM IRELAND

Mrs. Pollock (left), Mr. Cameron, Miss Cameron and Mrs. Leach. The photograph was taken at the Fingal Harriers' point-to-point steeplechases at Ashbourne, Co. Dublin

I. B.

AFTER THE RACE

Mrs. Hartigan with her horse, "Sanders," on which she won the Ladies' Race. The photograph was taken at the recent point-to-point of the Fingal Harriers

Two Important Balls

I AM asked to let you know that the Navy League Ball on behalf of the Navy League Funds will take place on April 21, and that its *venue* will be the Mall House, which is being lent by Earl and Countess Beatty. The tickets are 30s. each, and may be obtained from the Secretary of the Navy League, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Then there is the Royal Caledonian Ball at the Hotel Cecil on June 7, one of the big events of the season, under the presidency of the Duke and Duchess of Atholl. Full particulars will be published later, but if you want any information about the ball, the reels, etc., you should write to Captain Frank E. Stanley, 20, Deanhill Road, East Sheen, S.W. There is generally such a rush for the Caledonian Ball that more than once all the tickets have been exhausted long before the great night at the Cecil.

The Knights of St. John

AN interesting deputation left London last week for the Holy Land, all members of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The deputation will follow the exact route taken by the Knights of St. John when they went to Jerusalem in the days of the Crusades—overland to Venice and thence by sea to Corfu and Jaffa. In Jerusalem the deputation will be officially received by Lord Plumer, the Governor of Palestine. On the return journey, Fomagusta in Cyprus, Rhodes, Patmos, and Malta, each of them former strongholds of the Order, will be visited, the Governor of Malta, Sir Walter Congreve, receiving the deputation in the ancient palace of the Grand Masters.

The Coming of Spring

Next week's issue will be a

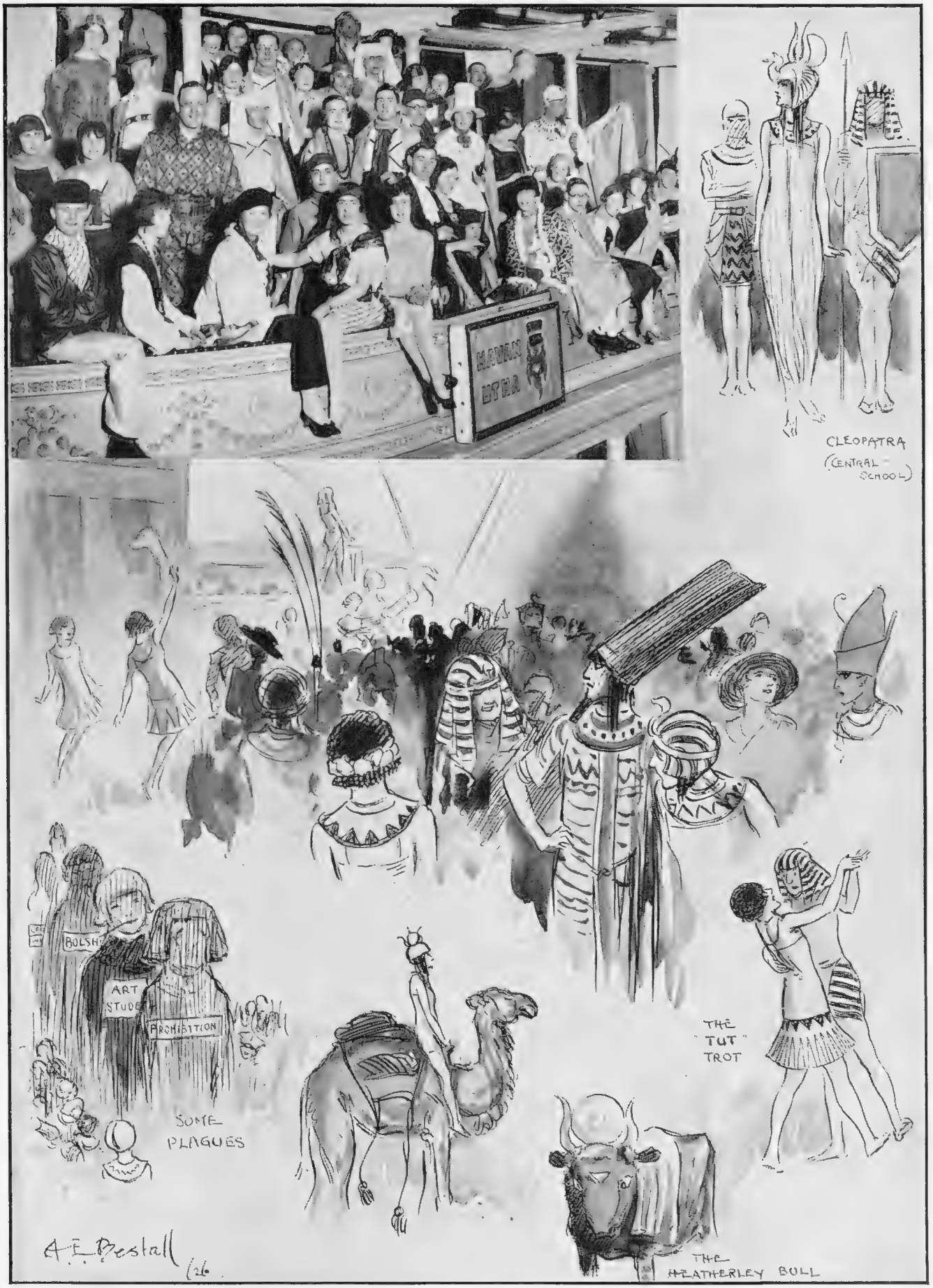
SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER

The spring-like note will be sustained throughout, both in the articles and illustrations.

FITNESS ON THE RINK

Lieutenant J. P. Muller, K.D., the author of the famous physical training book, "My System," doing the "straight line" on the rink at St. Moritz. Although sixty years of age, Lieut. Muller is wearing only shorts, boots and socks

East Meets West at the Albert Hall



Sketches by A. E. BESTALL

Our artist's impressions of the Chelsea Arts Ball, with a close-up of some of the revellers. This year's *motif* was Egyptian, and the dancers, appropriately enough, were as the sands of the desert in multitude

The Riviera Week by Week

LE PETIT DÉJEUNER

Mrs. Consuelo Etty, who is very popular in London Society, plays hostess to the pigeons at Monte Carlo

THE excellence of our Riviera climate, strange as it may sound, has actually been giving rise recently to complaints! A sailing regatta at Monte Carlo had to be abandoned, at least temporarily, because of the perfectly calm weather; and a winter sports meeting at Peira Cava, the popular little mountain resort, which lies only twenty-five miles or so behind Nice, but is at an altitude of nearly five thousand feet above sea-level, has just been cancelled because, thanks to the magnificent weather and the many days of hot sunshine, there was practically no snow. And ski contests and things of that sort are very dull without snow. However, for people who play tennis or golf all day, or for those who prefer the less strenuous form of holiday-making which consists of watching others play, or loafing comfortably in a chair under the palm trees, or on the beach, or under a gaily striped umbrella on a *café* terrace, life has been much too delightful for complaints.

THE tennis fever along the coast has shown little signs of diminishing since the now historic encounter between Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills, and interest is simply being transferred from one centre to another week by week. The Monte Carlo meeting came fully up to the expectations of everyone for quality of play, and the various contests for the trophies presented by the King of Sweden, the Duke of Connaught, Mr. G. P. Butler, and others provided some thrilling moments. King Gustav was playing extremely well and getting quite a lot of enjoyment out of it, while our numerous American visitors, who had chiefly come to applaud Helen Wills, or Little Miss Poker-Face, as they have christened her, derived considerable pleasure from the spectacle of a real live reigning monarch in pince-nez casting aside the cares of State and exchanging his sceptre, if he uses one in Stockholm, for a racket. The cries of "Kill it, King!" which were yelled at him on more than one occasion appeared to amuse "Mr. G." immensely. The Duke of Connaught was present with friends almost every day, and has, I hear, reserved seats for the tournament at Nice, which is to provide the young American champion with her first opportunity of a return match with the French star.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

A photograph taken at the Hyères Golf Club, showing Sir James Clark waiting at the first tee

AFTER the tennis each day there were many big tea-parties, when those who had been sitting on hard seats around the courts for hours were able to indulge in the welcome recreation of dancing; while the restaurants and supper-clubs, which are more numerous in Monte Carlo than anywhere else along the Riviera, and which in several cases keep open all night and serve solid English breakfasts on request, had a wonderful week. It is perhaps only a natural sequel that face-massage and beauty culture establishments are flourishing. A cynic was heard to remark in the Sporting Club the other day to a lady friend, "Why do you spend your nights in acquiring wrinkles and your days in getting rid of them at almost equally heavy expense?" To which the lady replied sweetly, "I am on a holiday!"

THE unexpected news of the death of Lady Zaharoff was received with deep regret, for since her wedding a year and a half ago to the "mystery man of Europe," as Sir Basil is often called, she made many friends by her quiet charm of manner. Her husband is not only one of the wealthiest men in Europe, but is said to hold the largest individual share in the Casino here. Nearly everyone of note for miles around attended the memorial service.

THERE have been some big nights at the Opera lately. Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounow*, Debussy's *Pelleas and Melisande*, and Puccini's *L'Hirondelle*, the latter done in French for the first time, have been the principal attractions, and crowded houses have been the rule for some time past. Monte Carlo is very fortunate in its musical programme this year.

THE motor traffic between Menton and Cannes, concentrated chiefly on the Route Nationale, is now so intense, and there has been so much discussion as to the danger or otherwise of using strong head-lights, that a movement is on foot for an intensive scheme of lighting along the whole length of the main road. Something of the kind is certainly necessary, and if it is possible to do away with motor head-lights on cars on this important thoroughfare, motoring at nights between the various Riviera resorts will be far safer and pleasanter than it is at present.

WHITE WINGS

An eight-metre yacht sailing under reduced canvas, prior to taking part in the racing during the recent Monaco Regatta

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is among the many literary folk on the coast. Sir Philip Gibbs, who is very much at home on the Côte d'Azur, has been staying with Lady Gibbs for some time at Cap d'Ail. They have just left for a short visit to Rome, but will return later. Other arrivals are Lord Westbury, Lady Evelyn Tempest, Prince and Princess Radziwill, Major and Mrs. Harley Thomas—the former an old member of the Savage Club and a prominent Freemason—and Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Ralli, who have been entertaining a good deal at the Sporting Club.

THE crowded state of Cannes has been amusingly demonstrated by the extraordinary rush for hotel accommodation at

the two latest hotels, the Majestic and the Provence, both erected by the Carlton group, of which the energetic and able Mr. Ruhl is the head. Only a week or so back there were at least two hundred workmen in the former, and over fifty guests in residence, and I can personally vouch for the fact that the moment one room or suite was finished somebody moved in. The same has since occurred at the Provence, an old hotel which was closed for some years, but has now been considerably enlarged and entirely renovated, with the exception of the rooms which were formerly

C. N. Daly

THE VICTORS

Mrs. Satterthwaite (left) and Miss Bennett, who beat Mrs. Aeschliman and Miss Helen Wills in the competition for the cup presented by Commodore Beaumont, of the American Navy

inhabited by the late King Edward when Prince of Wales, which have been allowed to remain exactly as they were. Three floors are filled with guests, while the rest of the building is still in the hands of the workmen. Nothing like it has ever happened in Cannes before, and the popularity of this English colony in the sun is quite striking.

THE Fête Venetienne, with nearly a hundred illuminated boats on a glassy sea, and a splendid display of fireworks which outshone in brilliance the full moon which looked down on the scene, brought an enormous crowd to the beach.

LADY BEDFORD and Miss Phyllis Holman held a very enjoyable "At Home" at the Grand Hotel last Sunday afternoon. In the intervals of dancing Miss Holman sang several songs beautifully, among them one by Lady Walpole, who was one of the guests, and later on Lady Walpole's talented daughter, Miss Marie Seton, contributed several dramatic recitations with great power and feeling, especially for one so young.

VISITORS who have recently left England for the South of France are Lady Evelyn Graham, Mr. and Lady Phyllis Allen (who have given up their house in Sloane Street), Brigadier-General W. C. Douglas, who has come from his Forfarshire home with his daughter, Mrs. W. G. Don; Prince Orsini, Mrs. A. C. Menzies, of Curzon Street, who has been competing in the motor events at Monte Carlo and Cannes; and Lady Constance Butler, who has joined her mother, Elizabeth Lady Ormonde, who is at Menton, and has with her Miss Pole-Carew and Miss Isolde Grosvenor.

P. and A.

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

Miss Helen Wills with Señorita de Alvarez, whom she defeated in the competition for the Connaught Gold Vase, photographed after the match. Miss Wills registers no emotion at all—as usual!

C. N. Daly

AT LA FESTA COURTS

The King of Sweden photographed before playing tennis at Monte Carlo. With him is the Comtesse d'Armfelt

THE annual competition for THE BYSTANDER prizes created keen interest at the Nice Golf Club again this year. Fifty competitors entered for this event, which was as keenly contested as ever. The winners were Miss P. Cotgrave and Mr. D. Welsh, who beat Mrs. Hallar and Mr. Tatham in the final round by 3 and 2.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

THE third annual competition for the Challenge Cup presented by THE BYSTANDER to the Monte Agel Golf Club at Monte Carlo for mixed foursomes against bogey was held in perfect weather; but doubtless because it clashed with the big tennis tournament at La Festa, to which all Monte Carlo seemed to be flocking day after day, it did not secure as large an entry as in the two preceding years. The conditions were also rendered somewhat difficult, notwithstanding the absence of any wind, by the keenness of the greens, and to lay an approach shot dead, no matter whether it was a pitch or a long putt, needed a lot of care and skill. The scoring was in consequence poor. The best return—five down to bogey—was made by Mr. R. E. Sproule (4), and Miss Graham (24), who entered from the Nice Club. It was expected that Mrs. Knight (5), the Scottish International (who is a daughter of Mr. C. E. Dick, of golfing renown), and Mr. L. C. Potter (4), would do well, but they accomplished nothing better than seven down, and so tied for second place with Mr. F. A. Jackson (6) and Miss M. A. Wright (19) (who were only beaten in the first year of the event after a tie), and Mr. J. J. Walsh (9), and Miss Tippetts (16). Among the other pairs competing were Sir William Yarworth Jones and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. J. G. Sherwood and Miss H. M. Jones, Mr. J. H. Brooke and Mrs. Purkis, Dr. Vickers and Mrs. Smitton, General Pollock McCall and Mrs. Irwell, Capt. T. Ames and Mrs. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Cowbrough, and Capt. Powell and Miss Wybrants. H.S.S.

THE RUGGER WORLD

"ALLONS! ALLONS!"

By "PENDARVES"

A POSTER of an evening paper on the hoardings about Twickenham announced the startling fact of "England's Great Voyce." (Voice: Joke: ha! ha!). But Tommy Voyce said nothing—though he did a tremendous lot. No: the voices were with the French. The dialogues in the scrums, and outside them, were most entertaining to us, though one doubts whether the growlings and general back-chat that goes on when France is playing a Rugger match is *really* helping them. They beseech one another, "*A moi!*" They exhort, "*Mais allons alors.*" They condemn, "*Ah NON, par Dieu.*" But it avails them little. A pity.

One day France will beat England on England's own ground. And one hopes that may be soon, without being unpatriotic; because such a victory would give a tremendous fillip to French Rugby. Incidentally, it would not do us any great harm.

Every season the visit of the French side to England, Wales, or Ireland seems to become more popular with the Rugger public. It is not surprising. As individualists some of their "capped" men are magnificent. As a team they have failed hitherto because they chuck certain tries, and possible goals, away by losing their heads at the very last moment. They have got, here and there, better players than we have. They have, for instance, a full-back in Destarac who is markedly better than Holliday, or any other full-back we have played for the last couple of years. A splendid touch finder and a safe tackler, with a cool brain, and a knowledge of full-back play. They have got a right wing three-quarter in Redillon who is better than Tibbs; and a left in Jaurreguy who is as good as Sir Thomas Devitt, though the latter played excellently on this occasion. Jaurreguy would be a superb wing if he did not bunch up against his inside, Borde, their captain.

But let us cease picking holes. France put up a better show than they have ever done at Twickenham before—which is saying a good deal. That they lost by 11—0 was no disgrace to them. It was merely experience of the game, not merit, that beat them.

Let us have a look at England a moment—the England that is, presumably, to face Scotland for the test of the 1926 year at Twickenham on March 20th. My humble petition is that our forwards may be left as they are. They played splendidly and cohesively and brainily (a coined word) against that very good, heavy and fast French pack. The new cap, Webb, of Northampton, was, in my view, especially good. They were all good—so let's leave them alone. The Scotch pack, when I saw them against Wales, were, as the French would say, "*vraiment formidable.*" But my belief is that our present eight will hold them all—and a bit over. Our danger is outside. Young will have his work cut out to hold Nelson. Kittermaster is *not* the equal of Waddell. Kittermaster can hold any sort of a pass that comes out to him. As a gentleman in the stand, representing a French paper, said to me: "*Ces mains, voyez vous: ah non, mais c'est trop fort, ça*"!—that represents Kittermaster's play exactly. But after those excellent hands had come into use, his subsequent passes to Aslett and Francis were none too good. Gibbs was frankly disappointing. Sir Thomas Devitt played the game of his life. Aslett and Francis were good enough, even for Scotland. Especially the former. Francis has off days, unfortunately. I told a Frenchman this at Twickenham, and he replied incredulously, "*Pas vrais*"! Would not Francis like to have heard that? Holliday, at full-back, is the best we can do, seemingly. It is not good enough. His kicking to touch has become mediocre.

The only way of getting to Twickenham by car nowadays in comfort, it seems to me, is to go down about 11 a.m., take your lunch and tea, and picnic there, having no early evening engagements. The congestion is becoming *vraiment trop fort*; in fact, *insupportable.*

This should be written in French, please, not English; it sounds more emphatic. Woe betide the man (*c'est moi!*) who is offered a seat in a colossal car in order to show the assembled company "the short cut." There is invariably a pretty lady on these occasions who, having her hands full with a better-looking man, who has at least a car to drive, can afford biting sarcasms. You know the sort of thing: she turns round from the front seat with a smile of such dazzlement that men in adjacent cars begin pressing electric hooters out of sheer excitement, and says, "You *did* say this was the short way, didn't you?—or am I wrong?" As you are at the moment wedged into a queue of cars about a quarter of a mile long, and it is ten minutes to three, there is only one answer to *that* remark: and you can't make use of it to her, though you would love to.

But there is no short way. You run into a bottle-neck of cars eventually whichever way you go. The only thing to do is to start VERY early, and make a day of it.

"HE'S OVER!" *Sport and General*

A striking photograph of A. R. Aslett scoring England's second try against France at Twickenham. The home side won by 11 points to none

A BOOK, A PLAY AND A MAN OF TO-DAY

BY REGINALD ARKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

"THE SONS OF THE SHEIK."

SUPPOSE, I only say suppose,
You're sick of City life ;
You want to leave Leigh Buzzard,
And you want to leave your wife.
You want to find a public house
That doesn't close at ten ;
You want to seek some Open Space
Where Men are really Men.

Suppose you want to be a Sheik ;
To breathe the desert air ;
To sit upon a camel, as
You do upon a chair.
To spur your fiery Arab steed
Across the desert wide ;
To pitch your moving tent, and drag
The heroine inside.

Suppose you want to do the things
That He-men always do ;
To have those glittering gimlet eyes
That bore one through and through.
Suppose you want to wear the clothes
That Valentino wears,
And dare to do the desperate deeds
As Valentino dares—

Well, here's your opportunity !
Your guide is close at hand.
You've only got to read this book
To smell the desert sand.
Before you've read a dozen lines
Your temperature will rise,
And you will find that you have got
Those glittering gimlet eyes.

You'll find that you can do the things
That He-men always do.
You'll find you've got those gimlet eyes
That bore one through and through.
And when you've thrown this stupid book
Upon your top-most shelf—
I fancy you will find you've been
A trifle bored yourself.

GEORGE ROBEY

(Who was burned in effigy after a Student Rag).

MY word !
'Tis absurd !
Trying to give me
The Bird !
Making me *look*
So absurd.
'Twas obvious what
I inferred.
They know perfectly well
What occurred.
There's no reason to tell
They can all go to——
YOU 'EARD !

"WILDFLOWER."

THOUGH you've seen the Russian Ballet
And you've heard Paul Whiteman's band ;
Though the Chauve-Souris were thrilling
When you saw them at the Strand ;
Though you dote on Lopokova,
Though Hal Sherman's simply great—
You'll find the Bambolina
The merry Bambolina,
The "Wildflower" Bambolina,
The brightest thing to date.

Though you've sat all night at Ciro's
And the Embassy as well ;
Though you've seen the "Midnight Follies"
At the Metropole Hotel.
Though you've danced at Covent Garden,
Though you know the Albert Hall—
You'll find the Bambolina,
The merry Bambolina,
The "Wildflower" Bambolina,
The greatest fun of all.

You're forgetting to remember
"All Alone" and "Tea for Two,"
And the "Ukulele Lady"
Doesn't thrill you through and through.
Though you may not be so happy
When you see "No No Nanette !"
You'll find the Bambolina,
The merry Bambolina,
The "Wildflower" Bambolina,
Will make you happier yet.

I cannot dance the Tango,
The Charleston's got me beat.
I fancy I might Fox-Trot
With another pair of feet.
I cannot dance the Tango
However much I try,
But I'll learn the Bambolina,
The merry Bambolina,
The "Wildflower" Bambolina,
One day before I die !

SOME PARIS NIGHTS

THE RUSSIANS

By E. P LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrated by BERT WILSON

"Someone sings in the gloom at the 'Kasbek'!"

RUSSIAN *emigrés* of all social grades having wisely, and in some cases only just in time, bolted from the Bolsheviki, dug themselves in at a variety of jobs in Paris; and Paris is all the better for the presence of their industry and their fortitude.

Russian gentlemen, and ladies, too, who have been accustomed all their lives to batten on the servitude of other people, now finding themselves almost entirely destitute in a foreign city have in several places taken on the extremely arduous task of running a restaurant in the heart of a metropolis which can be taught nothing, one would imagine, about this class of business. And they have done it with marked success.

Having studied most of these Russian *endroits* in Paris, the reason for their success is due, I think, to three main things. Atmosphere. A perseverance bred of despair. A sense of music. "Atmosphere" is a vague term. But there is no other adequately to describe the two places I have picked out for you to spend a delicious evening in. The one thing a wanderer in Paris must not do if he would appreciate to the full the Russian entertainment is to mix his mental drinks. By which I mean that if you dine *à la Russe,* do not go and fox-trot somewhere afterwards. You will feel there is an emptiness about both, and you will wonder why. And if when in Paris you think that a night spent without jazzing on some polished floor is no night at all, then do not go to either of these places. But if, on the other hand, you like the sensation of being lifted bodily right out of yourself, as it were, to the end that you have not the least idea whether it is Tuesday or Thursday (and care less)—then come with me.

La Maisonette des Comédiens Russes, in the Rue Vivienne, is to all intents and purposes an ordinary little restaurant, which announces, as do hundreds of others, "*Déjeuners, Dîners, Soupers*"; adding, rather diffidently, as it were an afterthought, "*Raphael et Son Orchestre.*" First impressions being usually wrong you feel, as the charmingly polite gentleman at the door takes your coat and hat, a sombre, rather sinister effect stealing over you. The decorations are somewhat heavily Russian of the *ancien régime.* The walls are olive green and dark red, with dull gold-coloured candelabra. Unlike anything you have seen in Paris before. It is a small place: many London draw-

(*Continued on page 542*)

"The decorations of 'La Maisonette des Comédiens Russes' are somewhat heavily Russian of the *ancien régime*"

In the Limelight

Abbe

MLLE. DORA DUBY

Who is scoring a big success in Cabaret in Paris. She is appearing at both the Casino de Paris and that popular early morning rendezvous "Le Perroquet"

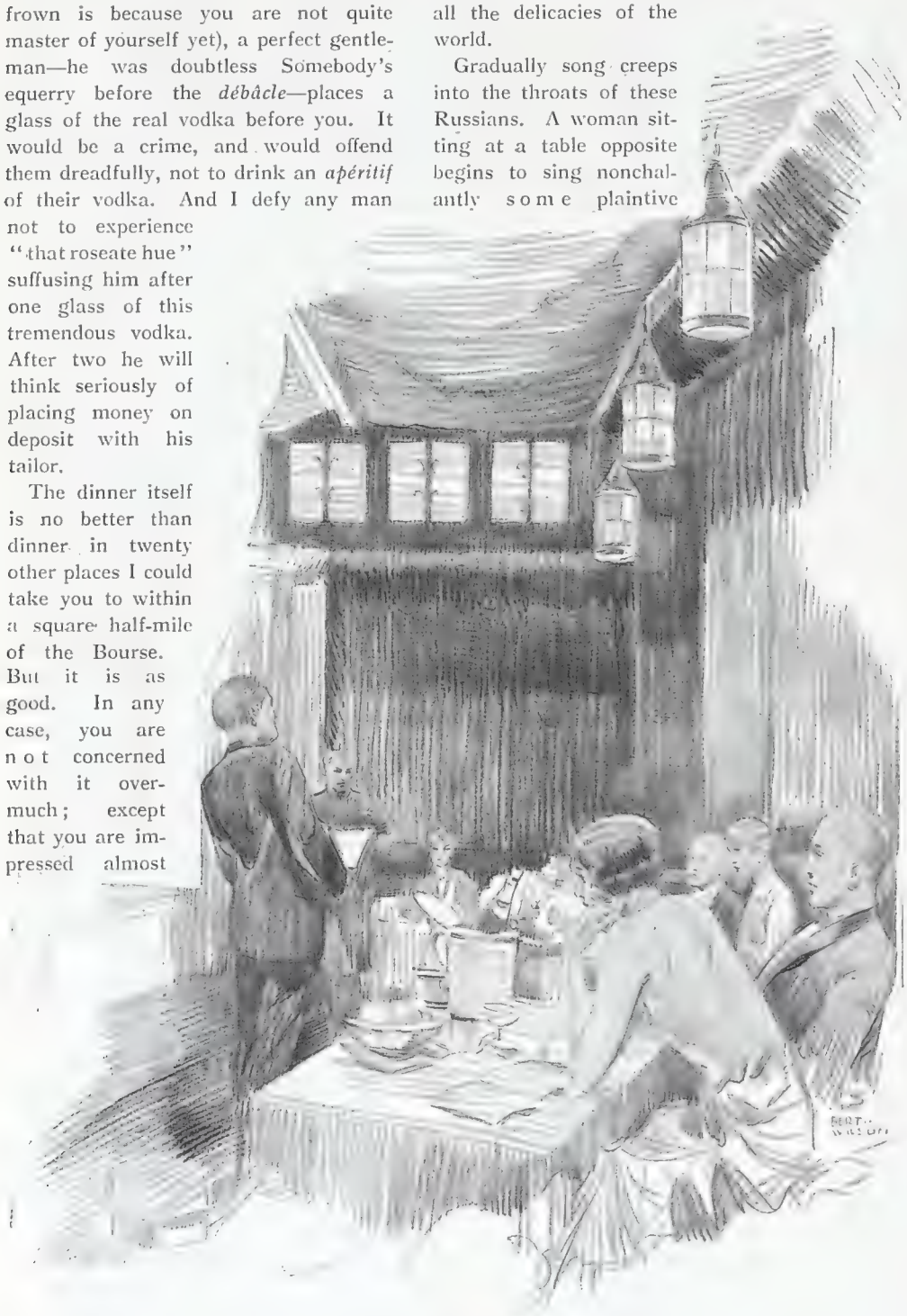
ing-rooms are bigger. In normal times they have to refuse about a dozen telephone requests for tables nightly.

While you are studying the *ménu* with a frown (it is in French, of course: the frown is because you are not quite master of yourself yet), a perfect gentleman—he was doubtless Somebody's equerry before the *débâcle*—places a glass of the real vodka before you. It would be a crime, and would offend them dreadfully, not to drink an *apéritif* of their vodka. And I defy any man not to experience "that roseate hue" suffusing him after one glass of this tremendous vodka. After two he will think seriously of placing money on deposit with his tailor.

The dinner itself is no better than dinner in twenty other places I could take you to within a square half-mile of the Bourse. But it is as good. In any case, you are not concerned with it overmuch; except that you are impressed almost to the point of embarrassment by the exquisite manners and bearing of the waiters, whose pedigrees, you reflect, are probably a dam-sight longer than yours. What does concern you very closely, however, is the music that broods over this place and now and then bursts into glorious song.

Raphael is a musician *du premier ordre*. But with an unfamiliar instrument in Paris, a small concertina. He does not merely play this sweet-toned little thing, he makes it talk, sigh, laugh and sob. It is the *Chanson des Pirates de Volga du XVI Siècle* one moment, a Chopin waltz the next—"Czardas" another. He wanders about the small room calling up the whole gamut of the emotions; and your dinner is as frankincense and myrrh and all the delicacies of the world.

Gradually song creeps into the throats of these Russians. A woman sitting at a table opposite begins to sing nonchalantly some plaintive Slavonic air. A man opposite her responds—a perfect duet of diners. The best Russian operatic singers can be heard here; a lovely adjunct to your leisurely dinner if you have any soul above the one you are eating. Everyone knows everyone else (we English are mere intruders, though welcome), and the climax to the tenseness of the hour is when, to the insistent urge of Raphael's concertina, the whole assembled company bursts into that intensely dramatic "El Ouchnem"! which we call, loosely, "The Volga Boat Song." It is sung with a fervour, a pathos, and an artistic finish that leaves you tingling with delight—though scarcely dry of eye.



"A man is singing in Russian"

Sated with this fascinating music, and yet thirsting for more, hurry in a taxi to yet another Russian *endroit* they call "Kasbek." I do not know what the word means, and it does not matter. Nor need I give you the address, for that would spoil your fun. You say "Kasbek" to the saturnine taxi-man, and he draws up in a main street. A polite gentleman dressed in a costume we describe, wrongly, as Cossack, stands welcomingly at the mouth of a cavernous yard. He leads you into the gloom of it (he can lead you over the Styx for aught you care) and a small door is opened. A tiny vestibule, an air of intimacy, intrigue, allurement. More polite, aristocratic-looking gentlemen: your coat? hat? *c'est ça* . . .

A longish, narrow room, the walls completely covered with dull-coloured rugs. A dull red carpet. A piano. A stringed instrument or two. People in plain clothes and evening dress at tables all round the walls, drinking champagne—oblivious of everyone but themselves, which is as it should be. Bl-i-p! out go all the lights, save those from little lamps on the tables. Someone sings in the gloom that is just not quite gloom—and yet enough. You look through slabs of half-light to the pale apple-green window which gives upon the street.

Immersed are you instantly in the "feel" of the place. Keenly interested are you at first: absorbed presently: ecstatically silent later . . . A man with a bewitchingly beautiful baritone voice, with an almost unique register, is singing in Russian a familiar melody from "Scheherazade." Outlined all along the walls are the silhouettes of women's faces, chin in hand for the most part, gazing thoughtfully down into the twinkling table lights. *Ciel!* what lovely profiles. A woman's dark eyes survey you calmly, interestedly across a waste of semi-darkness . . . the impassioned singing continues . . . up go the lights again. Which was she? Where? . . . No sign. It is a decorous company. Equilibrium is restored again. Is it? . . . Dash these lights! Why don't they lower them? They do: time and again. And each time is more tantalising and delicious than the last. Kasbek—a haunting name . . . a haunting place. K-a-s-bek. M'm . . . I wonder who she was? . . .

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN BY GLAM

GOLF STARS AND THEIR

"The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy will be played for over this course on Tuesday.

COURSES: No. 1—ADDINGTON

BY H. H. HAYMAN

March 23. In previous years, it was played for at the London Country Club at Hendon

"A PICNIC IN ARCADY" BY WEBSTER MURRAY

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

We have just heard of a domestic servant who was sent by her mistress to order some turpentine. Anxious to be up to date, she ordered from the drug stores some "moral turps."

. . . . . .

"Research," says a native of Missouri, "tends to prove that Joan of Arc was not of true French descent." The next discovery, we suppose, will prove that she was Joan of Arkansas.

. . .

"Why is it," asks a farmer correspondent, "that in the same herd of cows some yield more milk than others?" That, as Mr. Kipling would remark, is an udder story.

. . .

A new volume is to be published about the campaign round Ypres. We should have thought that all the Salient features were already known.

. . .

A writer wants to know the main difference between English and Americans. Perhaps it is that one chews gum and the other eschews it.

. . .

"How do you pronounce meningitis?"

"Fatal!"

. . .

The names of dead authors should not be taken in vain, says a writer. Yet everyone says, "Great Scott!" and "The Dickens!"

. . .

The other day in a modest restaurant we observed a waiter upset a plate of hash over an unfortunate customer. The latter was in no end of a stew.

REFLECTIONS ON READING MR. PEPYS' DIARY.

I know some men who'll wager heaps,
We ought to speak of Mr. Peeps;

While others take more drastic steps,
And so refer to Mr. Peps;

And one I know, who rather deep is,
Insists on saying Mr. Peepis;

From that, of course, an easy step is
For some to call him Mr. Pepis;

But I go still one further:—Is
It possible his name's Pepis?

. . . . . .

"Why did you send your son into the Air Service?"

"Because he is no earthly good."

. . . . . .

"No one," says an ornithologist, "has satisfactorily explained the theory of Migration." True. For instance, no one knows why St. John's Wood has ceased to be a Bird Sanctuary.

By E. F. Hiscocks

PURE POLITENESS!

She (*who has just accepted his seat*): "Oh, I hope I'm not depriving you"

He: "No depravity, I assure you, Miss"

We have just read a novel in which the author said: "Pamela had a voice whose notes played on one like an old violin." We wonder whether she had also brown eyes like a Stradivarius.

. . .

Our interviewer has been lucky enough to obtain from Miss Babs Flutlepush, the famous musical comedy star, her views on applause in the theatre. "Firstly (she said), I take my art seriously, and think that all applause should be abolished. Yet that is not nearly so degrading as the habit of handing up bouquets over the footlights or sending chocolates to the stage door, especially as the latter may get into wrong hands. Possibly (she continued pensively) I chiefly object to seeing my photograph in the Press and to read the flattering paragraphs underneath it. I live for my Public and abominate all advertisement."

"Will that be all to-day?" asked our representative.

"You might perhaps add," said Miss Flutlepush, "that I have just lost a valuable pearl necklace and——"

[*Thanks. That will be all to-day.*—Ed.]

. . .

"The only things I have ever got at White Sales are Black Looks," writes a lady. Yet as the old song hath it, "White sales they never grow weary."

. . .

In an examination paper, two bright youngsters gave the following variants of Milton's best seller:—

(*a*) Parodies Lost.

(*b*) Pair o' dice Lost.

. . .

A small and select coterie of the Stock Exchange gave a dance recently. It was pleasant to see the contango appreciated.

. . .

He refused to enter his father's business and went on the stage. About two years afterwards, while playing on tour, he met his parent. "Well, my boy," said the latter breezily, "still in the baboon business?"

. . .

An American journalist says it never pays to write for cheap papers. It would obviously be a more paying proposition to write for dear "Life."

THE FIREBRAND

AT WYNDHAMS

Produced February 4, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS "Comedy in the Romantic Spirit" does not claim to be historically accurate. There is just enough history in it to warrant the use of Benvenuto Cellini as the leading character; and when, in due course, history takes a back seat, the Romance is carried on in the playful style of Giovanni Boccaccio. On his own showing, in his remarkable autobiography, Cellini was not only a devoted pursuer of the tempestuous petticoat (they were worn in those days), but in a back street, with a drawn dagger, he had no rival as a private and confidential assassin. This is quite enough history for the development of this sparkling comedy, which owes its success mainly to the high quality of the acting. Miss Constance Collier as an amorous Duchess of Florence (about A.D. 1527) gives a remarkably able and amusing performance; while Mr. Ivor Novello is entirely convincing as the irresponsible and periodically murderous Cellini. Mr. Novello looks the ideal lover, and his tights fit so closely that every time he sits down suddenly you tremble momentarily in anticipation of the worst.

URSULA JEANS AS ANGELA CELLINI'S MODEL

AT the commencement of the play Cellini bursts into his workshop and informs his apprentice that he has just stabbed Mafio. We do not know Mafio, but we recognise that in opening the story with a bit of stabbing in the dark, we have got Cellini's local colour all right. His own version of the affray is as variable as the dimensions of the average angler's fish when discussed at the club. Sometimes there were three of his rivals threatening him, and sometimes four, or five, or six. He may have, in due course, to convince the authorities that he acted only in self-defence, and there is nothing like rehearsing your evidence beforehand. The real story begins, however, with the appearance of the Duchess of Florence, the self-reliant consort of the reigning Duke, who is so far smitten with Cellini that she gives him the key of her apartment for future reference. This is a gesture that needs no translation, since it speaks the universal language.

CELLINI is, in reality, rather bored by the middle-aged lady's attention, in spite of her fanciful claim that she has a pleasant surprise or two in store for him at the right moment. But as the city's champion stabber, and back-street assassin, he needs protection by the highest authority, which alone can save him from the very personal attentions of the common hangman. So that, as a matter of policy, he returns the Duchess's embraces, hug for hug. As a fact, he is rather in love with his beautiful model Angela, a most amusing example of insipidity presented with striking success by Miss Ursula Jeans. Angela rather likes being the object of a young man's attentions, but she is entirely without enthusiasm on the subject. She allows herself to be kissed, as if she might as well be doing that sort of thing as anything else; but she clearly has no bent for this very fascinating sport.

TWO'S COMPANY *Stage Photo Co.*

Ottaviano de Medici (Campbell Gullan) shows a regrettable lack of tact in interrupting an important engagement which the Duke of Florence (Hugh Wakefield) has with Angela (Miss Ursula Jeans)

THEN the reigning Duke himself happens along. He saunters into Cellini's workshop with his retinue, and smilingly announces that he has come to find out if they have hung Cellini yet, and if not why they don't get on with it. Not that it matters much anyway, because to-morrow will do for the job just as well, if it should be fine enough to allow of his coming out of doors to witness it. Then the Duke catches sight of Angela, the lovely model, and for the moment nothing else matters. Angela must come with him to the Ducal Palace, if they can only elude the too eager vigilance of the Duchess, who makes such an unnecessary fuss about her husband's little adventures of the kind. Meanwhile, Cellini is ordered to remain in custody in his workshop on the understanding that if he is found outside he will be hanged out of hand. But, of course, a threat of that kind cuts no ice with an amorous mediæval hero, as Romeo Montague has shown us often enough on the stage.

WITH the second act we are in the gardens of the Ducal Palace where Angela, expensively dressed according to her new rank, talks vapidly of love to her lady companion as if it were some kind

of epidemic which she may or may not hope to escape. Then Cellini is observed to be climbing the wall of the garden in order to embrace Angela; but his adventure is of the briefest. The alarm is given, and soldiers run about in search of the wily fugitive from justice. One imprudent gentleman of the Duke's court, of the name of Polverino, quite recklessly attempts to arrest Cellini single-handed; and the next thing we know about him is his announcement, as he staggers into the ducal presence, that he has been fatally stabbed. The Duke as portrayed by Mr. Hugh Wakefield is on the comic opera side, but he is excellent fun. He is, of course, very sorry to hear of Polverino's little accident; but he really has other and more important business on hand at the moment. Angela says she feels faint, and the Duke tells her she had better come with him to his chamber, as that is the last place where his Duchess would be likely to intrude upon his privacy. Polverino cannot help them because—oh, yes! of course, he's dead. The death of poor Messer Polverino furnishes, in fact, one of the brightest laughs of the evening.

S

Then the plot thickens. I think that is the most appropriate word in view of what follows. We have a scene of a balcony on to which the apartments of both the Duke and his Duchess open with shuttered doors. First, we have the Duchess waiting for Cellini, who, with a nice sense of duty, appears punctually on time. Cellini is for leading the Duchess to her bower right away; but she is clearly

an advocate of prolonging the joys of anticipation as far as possible. In fact, she prolongs them to such an extent that the Duke's door is seen to be coming open, and the Duchess slips back into her chamber, while Cellini retreats into the shadow until the coast shall be clear again. It seems that the Duke has brought Angela to the balcony in the hope that the night air will revive her, and give her at least a passing interest in the impending programme which, in his experience, other ladies have found to be quite absorbing.

S

This time it is for the Duke to be alarmed. He hears his Duchess moving, and as the presence of Angela on the balcony could not be accounted for convincingly to so wary a lady as the Duchess on the spur of the moment, the Duke disappears into his chamber, leaving Angela alone and entirely unsupported. Then Cellini creeps cautiously on the scene and chuckles at his rare bit of luck. Instead of the Duchess, he finds Angela ready in her listless way to go anywhere,

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
HUGH WAKEFIELD AND CONSTANCE COLLIER

to jerk him into a land that is fairer than this. We know, of course, that no author would ever treat his hero to such an extreme measure as hanging, so that all the elaborate paraphernalia of the scene seems designed only to make a sensational appeal to the gallery. And up to this point the play has been so well presented that a meretricious effect of the kind can bring only a cheapening quality to an otherwise excellent entertainment. JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

A SURPRISE VISIT

The Duchess of Florence (Constance Collier) accompanied by her ladies, visits the studio of Cellini (Ivor Novello). The sculptor does not seem very much impressed by the honour!

or do anything. He at once picks her up and carries her off into the darkness with the remark, which may not perhaps be to the taste of the orthodox, that to-night another Thief enters Paradise; while the ladies in the pit swallow lumps in their throats and sigh in vicarious delight.

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The last scene is perhaps a little too strenuous. There is a ferocious-looking hangman who puts a rope about Cellini's neck, and awaits only the word

A Pretty Howdah "Do"

BY STARR WOOD

THE ENTOMOLOGIST: "Dear me—this is the first time I ever heard a butterfly snarl!"

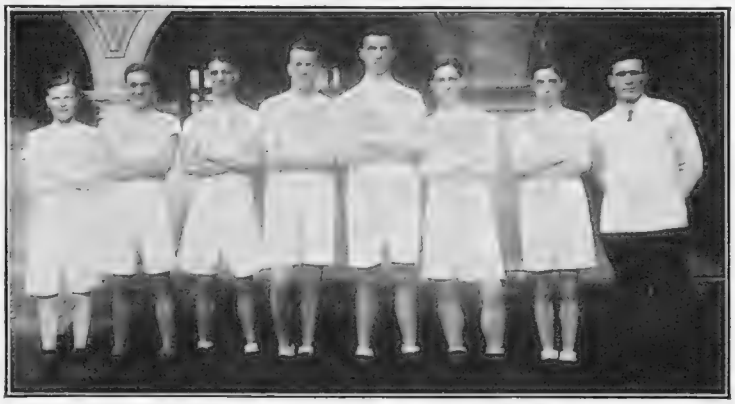
HUNTING NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

The Horse Shows

THE shows at Islington last week proved highly interesting. The thoroughbred stallions were hardly so strong in numbers as could have been wished, but in point of quality there was no fault to find with them. Perhaps the figure most chiefly missed at this show was that of the late Capt. M. S. Adye, who had for many years past gained great successes at Islington with the Compton Stud stallions. His recent death is a severe loss to hunter breeding. Once again Capt. T. L. Wickham-Boynton and Mr. Henry Cholmondeley had the satisfaction of carrying off the King's Gold Challenge Cup. Ardavon, who won the trophy for the second season in succession, is certainly one of the best-looking sires we have seen at this show. He is sure to get some valuable stock. The runner-up for His Majesty's trophy was, curiously enough, a horse belonging to the King, namely, London Cry, who proved himself a really good stayer when in training, and is an important acquisition to the ranks of premium stallions. The display of hunters came well up to the average, while the show of polo and riding ponies was as attractive and as varied as ever.

Women M.F.H.'s

MISS KATHLEEN STYLES has notified her intention of giving up the West Kent Foxhounds at the end of the season, while in Ireland the Ladies Blanche and Katherine Beresford are not going on with the Waterford Hounds. But we have an addition to the list of women Masters next season in the person of Miss Alice Beit. This keen sportswoman has arranged to take over the command of the Hertfordshire Hounds in succession to Mr. W. Walker. It is a point of interest that the pack in question was originally hunted by the famous Marchioness of Salisbury, the first of all the women M.F.H.'s. Miss Beit is to be assisted in her undertaking by the Earl of Cavan. Having retired from military duties, the gallant General finds himself able to resume his keen interest in hunting affairs.



A "BOXER" CONTINGENT *R. S. Crisp*

The Cambridge University Boxing Team which beat Oxford by four bouts to three at Cambridge. The photograph shows S. G. Coulson (Bantam-weight), A. F. Hamilton-Smythe (Light-weight), A. T. Blair (Welter-weight), N. B. Larby (Light-heavy), J. L. G. Weall (Heavy-weight), G. F. McHardy (Middle-weight), S. Sam (Feather-weight), and W. Child, the University Boxing Instructor

An Argentine Team

I HEAR that it is probable we shall have a strong team representing the Argentine Polo Association in this country this year. One of its members will be Mr. Lewis Lacey, who played so brilliantly for England against America two years ago. With him will be Mr. John Traill, certainly one of the finest all-round players in the world. He is equally good in defence and attack, but I think it is at No. 1 that he shows to greatest advantage. Other members of the Argentine combination are likely to be Mr. Jack Nelson and Mr. Manuel Andrade. The former is a well-known player in this country, but so far we only know of Mr. Andrade by repute. He is handicapped at 8 points in his own country, so he is likely to hold his own with the best here. Altogether this Argentine team will be of exceptional strength. It is sure to be well-mounted, and should do well in the open tournaments.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The National

I WAS glad to see Silvo in good form at Lingfield recently. Considering that he had resumed work only ten days previously after a spell of idleness his display was highly satisfactory. He is not to run again before the Grand National, and can surely be counted upon to make another good show in that race. It is true that Silvo has already failed to stay the course on two occasions, but a horse of his exceptional capacity must never be left out of the reckoning. Mr. Percy Whitaker is by no means without hope that he will improve upon his previous displays this time. Everything seems to point to a great race at Aintree. Old Tay Bridge and Double Chance are both in splendid fettle, while at Newmarket Sprig has been going in splendid style lately. All these are very strongly fancied, and there will be plenty of useful outsiders in the field.

Cheltenham

THIS week we are at Cheltenham for the National Hunt Festival. It is remarkable how popular and how increasingly important this meeting has become. In the old days the annual National Hunt fixture was a movable feast. The practice was to choose a new course every season for the N.H. Steeplechase, but the Cheltenham people have catered so well for the race that they are likely to retain permanent possession of it. Certainly it would be difficult to find a better course than that which is laid out at Prestbury Park. Without being excessively severe it is a splendid test of jumping and stamina. From the spectator's point of view it is an ideal arena. Standing on the hill on which the stands are erected you get a wonderful view of practically every stage of this sporting struggle. Usually the National Hunt Steeplechase has been run on the opening day of the meeting, but this time it has changed places with the race for the Cheltenham Gold Cup and is now the central event of Wednesday's programme.

A Sporting Struggle

IT is undoubtedly a wonderful attraction both for hunting people and racegoers. Looking at the enormous entry of horses whose capabilities are unknown outside the countries in which they have been hunted, one shirks the task of endeavouring to find the winner. On the afternoon of the race, however, tips will be galore. Perhaps **Little Jim II** will be worth backing for a trifle. Winners of this race have rarely succeeded in distinguishing themselves in regular steeplechasing. I think the only horse who has ever won the Grand National as well as the National Hunt Steeplechase was Why Not, and there was a gap of several seasons between his two successes. In recent years two winners at Cheltenham trained on well. I refer to Conjuror II and Patsey V, But in neither case did they prove equal to gaining Grand National honours.

Brilliant Fixture

THE enterprise which the Cheltenham people have shown in arranging the programme for this annual fixture is worthy of much praise. They give away a vast amount in stake money, and are entitled to all the success which the meeting has achieved since it found its home at Prestbury Park. **Preface** may win the Cotswold Steeplechase on Wednesday and **Clashing Arms** the Grand Annual Steeplechase. The big race on the third day will be the N.H. Handicap Steeplechase, for which I choose the locally-trained **Vaulx**.

The Lincoln

UP to the time of writing singularly little interest appears to have been taken in the prospects of the Lincolnshire Handicap. Now that the going has improved on the training grounds we shall know more about the condition of the prominent candidates. I expect that during the next few days several important commissions will be worked. Many people are waiting to see whether Zionist is seriously fancied for the race. So far there has been no pronounced movement in his favour, but if those connected with the Whatcombe stable show a disposition to support him, he will probably wind up a strong favourite. That he is the best class horse in the race admits of no doubt, and the public will vote for him fairly solidly if they are assured that he carries the confidence of the stable. It is now clear that the French horses, Coram and Lustucru, will both be in the field on the Carholme. I shall have a later opportunity of discussing the outlook for the race in greater detail.

Alfieri

MRS. WITHINGTON AND LADY CHESHAM

Topical

MRS. M. S. WHEATLEY AND MISS DIANA COSTON

THE LOOKER-ON SEES MOST OF THE——

Spring Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. And the camera sees most of the lookers-on

Photographs

MRS. MACALLUM AND MISS GORDON

LADY DESBOROUGH AND THE HON. IMOGEN GRENFELL

Alfieri

LORD CARNARVON, MR. DURHAM MATTHEWS AND MR. FORRESTER

THE STRENUOUS SIDE OF 'VARSITY LIFE

Some Oxford people to whom the "play" is very much the thing.

HOLDERS OF OFFICE

A. E. Porritt, President, and G. C. Newman, Hon. Secretary, of the O.U. Athletic Club

A PRACTICE SPIN

The Oxford Eight at work at Bourne End

THE OXFORD COX

Sir James Croft, who was recently awarded his Blue

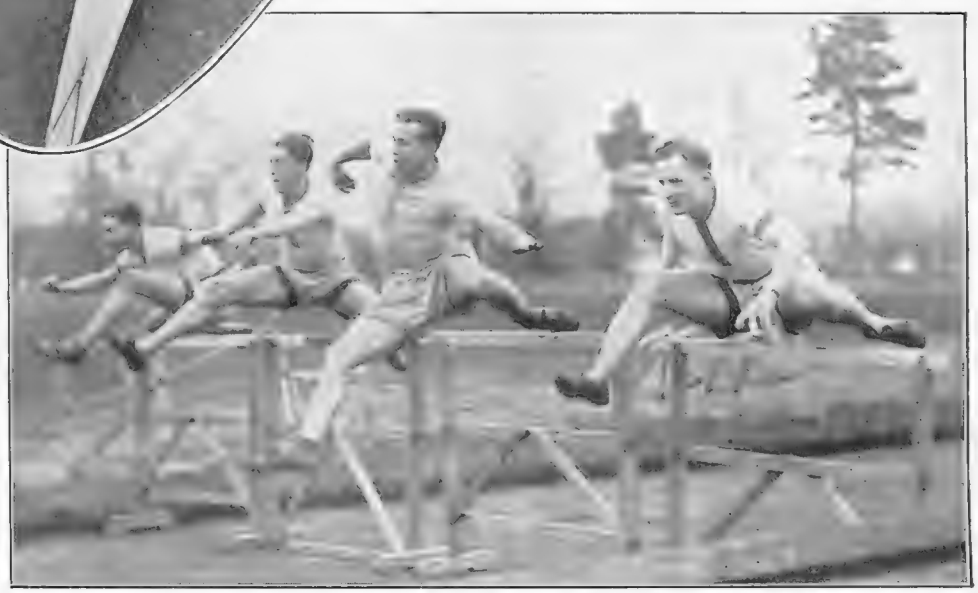
IN FULL SAIL

R. L. Hyatt winning the Long Jump at the Oxford Sports. He cleared 21ft. 9in.

Photographs

ON THE TAPE

H. W. Kerr winning the Half Mile at the Oxford Sports



Sport and General and Central Press

UP AND OVER

The final of the 120 yards Hurdles in progress. It was won by S. A. Thomson, seen on the right

LET'S BE VICTORIAN

By BLANCHETTE *Illustrated by* HELEN McKIE

"Oh these bachelor Bishops!"

LONDON, *March* 8.

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE women really beginning to rule the world? Rather nice and gratifying in a way to find a man who says they are, or words to that effect, and an M.P. at that—and a Liberal M.P. to boot, which shows he's rather a *rara avis* or extra special mixture at (said she chocolatically) at least ten good shillings per pound. And even yet more, the particular and especial Liberal M.P. who pushed another M.P.'s face in within the sacred precincts, only the other day, of the House of Coms.

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WHICH, methinks, makes of that certain young member of Parliament even more of an extra-extra-special hero in these degenerate days, when even legislators sadly seldom put it properly across each other—in fact, I don't believe there'd been anything like a real scrap in the Mother of Parliaments since Mr. Ronald McNeill threw a book at Winston's head . . . but that's by the way. Anyway, according to this undoubted authority women are most certainly, if not already there, positively on the brink or verge of being absolutely IT in the way of doing things.

卐

LOOK, says he, at the lots of 'em that are even now running hat shops and frock establishments and furniture emporiums, and so supporting in decent luxury husbands and others who otherwise wouldn't know quite where to turn for their next dance club or cigar. Consider the positive mass of feminine world's workers who go out typing and clerking, and all that sort of thing, so as to keep the home fires burning, so to speak, when their menfolk are unable to grapple quite satisfactorily with all the complex problems of modern existence. . . .

WOMEN are more resolute than men, declares this quite nice young man quite rightly, and so they're simply bound to assert their superiority in management and industry and . . . ah (as Shakespeare once remarked) there's the rub. They're such wonderful workers that 'ere long (now you see the cloven hoof, dear cousin, *n'est-ce pas?*) they'll be doing *all* the jobs, *and* much better, of course. With the result that men'll be able once more, as in the old pre-historic days, to lean back comfortably in their armchairs and attend to the *really* great and important matters of the world (such as philosophy and big-game hunting), while women do the mere routine and money-grubbing part of the affair.

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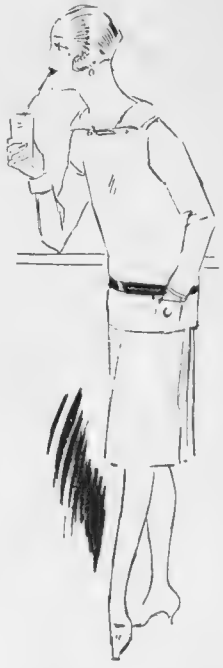
WELL, all I can say is, if that's the idea or plot, quite time we started being just a little more Victorian and less intelligent. And there's rather signs of a revival of Victorianism more or less on the *tapis* just now, or so to me it seemeth. *E.g.* and *par exemple*, over these new Letters of the Great and Good Queen which've just been published, and that quite a lot of people appear to think throw rather a new light on that once much-adored and then well-nigh equally condemned monarch of a generation ago—and then some.

卐

VICTORIA the Good—she did and said some strange and remarkable things, and after Mr. Lytton Strachey and others had made their few kind remarks on the subject some thought that the last word had surely been said. "Dearest Bertie," she wrote in the aforesaid volume that everyone's discussing just at this particular moment—meaning our subsequent gracious sovereign Edward VII—"now that Ascot races are approaching, I wish to repeat to you earnestly and seriously that I trust you will, as my Uncle William IV and Aunt, and we ourselves did, confine your races to the two days, Tuesday and Friday." Proceeding further to point out how much his example might do for good or evil, etc. In reply to which "dear Mama" was informed, somewhat tersely, by "dearest Bertie" that he was past 28, and had some considerable knowledge of the world, and was sufficiently aware of how to get from Orange Street to Ciro's on the darkest of nights, or words to that effect.



"Sipping ginger-beer through a straw"

"Smart men wear buttonholes"

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BUT also it now appeareth she really did work hard at her job, though seldom seen at foundation stone affairs or openings of bazaars, and not by any means one of those of whom one of the new writers, one Mr. W. E. Woodward, declareth in his "Bread and Circuses," that "the world is managed by people who do about two hours' work a day." Further and not least important, though all tangled up in a mass of Hun relations and people, she really did as heartily almost as you and me hate the Prussian type that p'raps we're a shade too inclined to regard as typical, and said quite rude things about 'em, what's more. And Victoria the Good could be also Victoria the Extremely Rude.

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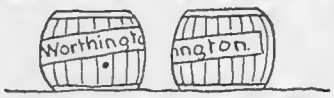
THEY do say Paris is trying to lengthen skirts quite a lot, right down almost halfway anklewards, in fact, but methinks it'll take some while to really happen, especially over here. But there's one mode of the moment

(*Continued on page* 556)

Bar - Bar - Barmaid

Have you any beer?



Yes, sir, yes, sir

Worthington is here

Hops for the flavour

Malt for the strength

A better beer you'll never find

Through Britain's breadth and length

that seems to have truly universally caught on, button-holes, to wit. And whether on the Riviera or Hyde Park (where once more they Church-parade) the *boutonnière* had slid back right into the mode for, so to speak, man, woman and beast, carnations for pref. And very nice, too, as tending, especially on drab-and-Puritan man, to dash in just that splash of colour that throws its beams afar and shines, as you might say, like a good deed in a naughty world. (Words by William Shakespeare.)

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Also, of course, we have our colossal (and I'm sure thoroughly deserved) American *succès*, such as *No No*, and *Rose* (to put it shortly)—which, if there's any sort of danger of flagging will doubtless be reinforced for another few months or so by the positive *deluge* of Americans that I hear's coming over for the Season this year. Already engaged heaps of seats for the opera at Covent Garden, they have, I hear, though it doesn't start till May. (Dances at half-crown a time meanwhile proceeding gaily and nightly at the once sacred home of *bel canto* and all that sort of thing.) Suppose none of them

"A bit more Victorian"

will be kept waiting at Southampton or somewhere because of moral turps., as they call it over there now, what?

And may be just a little disappointed in some of the little oddments of their visit some of them, at least if one of our very greatest Bishops has any say in the matter, that is. No less than him of London, to wit. Before whom the mere minor mitre-holder who lately criticised the collection of two cocktails fades into pitiful insignificance. If any young man takes you out (said he of London to a girls' school the other day) and dares to offer you a cocktail, don't you go out with him again. He must be a bad, bad young man, so straightway select another who doesn't go one single step beyond barley-water, or, if really worked up to it, ginger-beer through a straw. Can't you see Modern Maidenhood drinking it all in—the good advice, I mean, *not* the ginger beer! Oh these bachelor Bishops, how I do envy them their gift of eternal innocence!

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

Golf Stars and their Courses

I—ADDINGTONIANS

By DELL LEIGH.

The Addingtonians are a happily placed people in their golf club at Addington. For of all the clubs within a bare twelve miles of Hyde Park Corner, this one shows the least signs of proximity to London. You are only reminded once or twice about the beastly place when you see, as you play some of the first nine holes on the old course, the gaunt towers of the Crystal Palace in the haze. Apart from that sombre fact you might be in the heart of, say, Dorsetshire. Rather nice, too, when you have stolen a march on the office in the middle of the week.

The people behind the organisation of Addington know their jobs exceedingly well. Not content with one first-class golf course, they must needs build a second. You generally play on "The Old" before lunch, and on "The New" after the coffee and port. They march, so to speak, alongside each other. And this is where the trouble begins.

You have played what is known as "adamgood round" in the morning: are 3 up and 2 to play on him: have taken his pound note: and come into the bar for a quick one feeling a hellofafeller. Now Captain Douglas Fish, the Secretary, must be a gourmet, as well as a first-rate player, because he is responsible for the best lunch of any golf club within fifty miles of London. So that if you start with a fat fried sole, carry on with their peerless peach-fed Virginia ham, burying your beaming face the while in a large tankard of an insidious fluid called "Pim's No. 1," you are likely, in the fulness of time, to proceed to your destiny on The New Course, not minding frightfully whether you play the brute for a pound or five. Personally, I find the New, after lunch, one of the most diabolically well-planned and difficult courses in Europe. But then I am terribly fond of peach-fed Virginia ham.

The argument, which is caustic and continual, proceeds about the merits of the two delightful Addington courses somewhat on these lines:—

A (*three down, and having just found a hidden bunker*): "Why are we playing on this course, anyhow? Surely it is much more severe than the Old? All very well for scratch golfers; but for people like us—I mean the Old is good enough for any ordinary player. Personally, I think we've made a mistake, ol' man. What?"

B (*of that peculiarly irritating breed who, what he calls "finds his game" after enormous quantities of food*): "Oh, I don't know. The New is a better *test* of golf: you can't get away from that. Let's see: I've got two for it: give it me? Right. Besides, a change is a good thing for one's game. There's no doubt this is the better course of the two—everyone who *is* anyone says so. Don't they, caddie?"

The Caddie (*who has this question put to him about three times a week, and has learned caution*): "W-ell: there's some as likes it better, and some as don't. They all 'ave their fancies, as you might say. Take a No. 3 iron, sir, and keep up to the right."

There is no one hole of the thirty-six which the fortunate Addingtonians play over that any London golfer can reasonably criticise. And if you are playing well, this is the last thing you would think of doing. If you are playing badly there, it is only the lunch and the charmingly appointed clubhouse, and the particularly charming type of people you will meet in its spacious rooms that will combine to form a panacea for your jagged nerves. The courses won't help you. On the contrary, they will emphasise your ineptitude, glaringly, remorselessly—which is as it should be. But if you are playing below your awful handicap (I'm told this *does* happen to some people), that walk in, at the end of a sunny morning round, towards the peach-fed ham and the voluptuous tankard . . . SOME quality about that 19th hole.

MORE ABOUT ADDINGTON

You have just read Dell Leigh on the members of that excellent golf club, Addington. Now if you will turn to pages 544 and 545 you will find some of the Addingtonians caricatured by Mr. H. H. Harris on our coloured double centre page. By the way, don't forget that The Bystander £500 Trophy is to be played for over this course on March 23.

A CHRYSLER WILL STAND LONG YEARS OF HARD WEAR

The winged radiator cap—the Chrysler symbol

WHY?

BECAUSE the Chrysler is *designed*—first and foremost—to last! Its durability begins in the raw materials from which the car is *built*, each specially selected and tested for its special purpose . . . chrome vanadium for springs and gears . . . chrome molybdenum for the front axle.

ITS HORSE POWER, too, ensures a long life for the engine. For, just as a man can walk longer and farther than he can run, so the Chrysler engine, being rather more powerful than is actually necessary, is never over-strained however hard it is worked.

NO VIBRATION: Well over a half of the length of the large diameter crankshaft is occupied by the seven main bearings! This, combined with a special automatic vibration dampener and meticulous balancing of every part—static and dynamic—results in a complete lack of vibration and a consequently long engine life.

TEMPERATURE CONTROL: Nothing tends more quickly to wear out an engine, than running it at high speeds or under heavy loads before it has reached its proper working temperature. The thermostat on the Chrysler dispenses with the services of the radiator until that temperature is reached, thus enabling the engine to warm up in the shortest possible time.

NO SIDESWAY: Springs placed close to, and parallel to the wheels, play a big part in eliminating sideway even when rounding corners at high speed. The rigidity of the body, unchallenged by shock or torsion, saves loosened bolts and strained members, and results in long life for the whole car.

WEATHERPROOF FINISH: The Chrysler is finished with Viscolac, a special preparation which will not scratch or chip, looks almost as good as new at the end of two years, and affords a complete protection to the metal beneath. The upholstery in the case of the open models is of genuine heavy leather—another point which makes for the long life of the Chrysler!

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO CHRYSLER MOTORS LIMITED

CHRYSLER WORKS • MORTLAKE ROAD

KEW GARDENS • SURREY

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

NAVAL BRIDGE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Amongst my correspondents the Services are well represented—The Bystander seems to circulate widely in the Services—and I am always particularly pleased to hear from members of the fighting forces.

Their letters have a flavour about them, and the Naval ones are usually particularly breezy.

Bridge is very popular in the Navy. In fact I am told that there is a particular brand of the game which might be called "Naval Bridge," and which would hardly be recognised by serious civilian players.

Members of the Air Force are as a rule pretty good players and you have to get up very early in the morning to take a rise out of them. I have had interesting and amusing experiences with Airmen, with officers of H.M. Army, active and retired. My latest experience was playing with the officers of one of H.M. giant battleships. I have known better Bridge, but never more enjoyable. There was plenty of ragging, chaff and laughter. It was so different from some of the solemn clubs where I play where it is almost an offence to smile.

. . . . . .

It was all so essentially good humoured and friendly, and I came in for my fair share of leg-pulling as one player, whenever he made a mistake, kept on insisting that he was following the principles laid down in my books.

The bidding was slightly—well, to put it mildly, erratic. But there was hearty appreciation of any bluff *coup* brought off, the victims apparently enjoying it as much as the victors. I have never heard so many pre-emptive bids nor so much doubling and re-doubling. The great object seemed to be to put up the score to colossal proportions. No one was allowed to get away with a reasonable contract, and bids of five and six were quite common. Taking it all round the actual play of the hands was good. However wild the bidding, very few tricks were missed in play. One long rubber totalled 3000 points for the winners. But the losers had made over 2000.

From H.M.S. *Vulcan* I have received a letter giving particulars of an interesting hand which affords a good example of not pre-empting in the hope of a double, as I explained in The Bystander some weeks ago.

Here are the hands :—

	Y: S—A, 3. H—5, 4, 2. D—Q, 9, 6, 2. C—J, 10, 5, 4.	
A: S—K, 9. H—Q, 7. D—A, K, 8, 4. C—A, K, 9, 8, 6.		B: S—8. H—10, 9, 6. D—J, 10, 7, 5, 3. C—Q, 7, 3, 2.
	Z: S—Q, J, 10, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2. H—A, K, J, 8, 3. D—None. C—None.	

Score : Game all. B dealt and said "No bid"; Z, "Two Spades"; A, "Three Clubs"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Three Spades"; A, "Five Clubs"; Y, "Double"; B, "No bid"; Z, "Four Spades"; A, "Double"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Re-double." All pass.

A opened the King of Diamonds and Z made a Grand Slam, scoring no less than 1038 points, viz., 252 below the line, 300 for overtricks, 100 for contract, 100 for Slam, 36 for honours, and 250 for rubber. I should imagine this to be something of a record for a single hand—even in the Royal Navy!

Personally I object, as my regular readers know, to the initial bid of "Two Spades" on this hand.

I consider the best bid was "One Spade."

Pre-emptive measures were quite unnecessary. If Z had started with a bid of three or four Spades he would have been much less likely to get the double he desired.

When you are prepared to go up to four or five of a suit, it is usually a mistake to make a pre-emptive bid. It is much better to go up gradually. You leave your opponents guessing. A had what on the face of it looks quite a reasonable double of a bid of four, and to him the idea of a Grand Slam being possible against his hand must have appeared incredible.

BAD STAFF WORK

THE MONGREL

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Wednesday of next week (17th) will bring three quite notable Dog Shows: Portsmouth and district, Bristol and district, and the Irish Kennel Club's Show in Dublin. On the following day (18th) comes the Bulldog Club's Show, Drill Hall, Handel Street, Bloomsbury. There's a deal to be learned at a specialist function of this sort. It's interesting to note that the Kensington Canine Society has now outgrown the limits of even the big skating rink at Holland Park, and will hold its exhibition this year, on April 9, at the Crystal Palace, with more than a hundred Challenge Certificates and Cups, apart from all the usual prizes, in a big general classification. Is there any other borough containing so many Dogs of price and princely lineage as Royal Kensington?

The British doggy community is agreeably aware of the statistical fact that recent years have brought a wonderful growth of general public understanding and appreciation of Dogs. (As a certain wealthy amateur is reported to have stated at a recent show luncheon: "I've had more solid interest and real fun out of Dog-fancyin', and Dog-dealin', too, within certain modest limits, than I ever got out of racin', or yachtin', or motorin'—at about a twentieth of the cost.") Very naturally, this growth of public interest has brought with it a steadily spreading desire for some effective kind of check upon the propagation of come-by-chance mongrels; the undesired and undesirables that become strays. All understanding friends of the canine race desire the reduction, if not the elimination, of this pitiful tribe, whose existence is a discredit, and in many ways a menace, for its members are the chief carriers of canine disease, and are the only wastrels and criminals of their community.

As a result of increased public interest, official action is likely to be taken at once. In such matters, so humble a person as The Kennelman does not often butt in. When he does, it means (as James Pinkerton said) he's posted. We are told the step promised includes taxation of all puppies at the age of six weeks, instead of the present six months; payment of licences in four quarterly instalments, instead of one annual; and the compulsory use, on collars, of identity discs, changed with every quarterly payment. Westminster may or may not approve. It is doubtful if there exists in Britain a single Dog fancier or breeder of experience who would not pronounce this a thoroughly bad, unpractical, and ineffective plan.

The people responsible for the propagation of valueless canine by-blows are in almost every case people who have one Dog—or bitch. The proposed legislation would affect them very little, if at all; it would not hit or penalise them, and the chances are it would not in the least reduce their overt encouragement of the propagation of mongrels, which is due to encounters in the streets and elsewhere, among Dogs *not kept under proper control,* or, in any proper sense, provided with a home.

Per contra, the fatuous plan suggested would severely penalise the whole of that growing section of the community which is responsible for the breeding of all the best Dogs in Britain—the best in the world; the people who never have nor will countenance the propagation of mongrels; who never have nor will allow their Dogs to be public nuisances or dangers; who sincerely desire elimination of the come-by-chance, and strive to bring it about, by reasonable means; by precept and example. Imagine, not alone five-and-twenty pounds' worth of licences, but changing discs *on collars,* for weaning pups, in kennels housing a score of brood bitches! The thing's really monstrous. The tax at six weeks might pass muster, *if confined to unregistered pups.* That would really apply to mongrels. For the rest, give us real police prevention of canine vagrancy—street-wandering!

Glamour

In those old days when brilliant women famed in history cast their spell over the Courts of the World, pearls were always prized as they are to-day as the ideal adornment of beauty. Only the privileged few could then be their possessors, but by the creations of Ciro Pearls—perfect facsimiles of Oriental Pearls—almost every woman can now delight in wearing these much-coveted gems. Ciro Pearls are distinguished by all the delicate, elusive qualities which have made Nature's pearls desired for centuries. They suggest Romance, and their subtle glamour gives added grace to all who wear them.

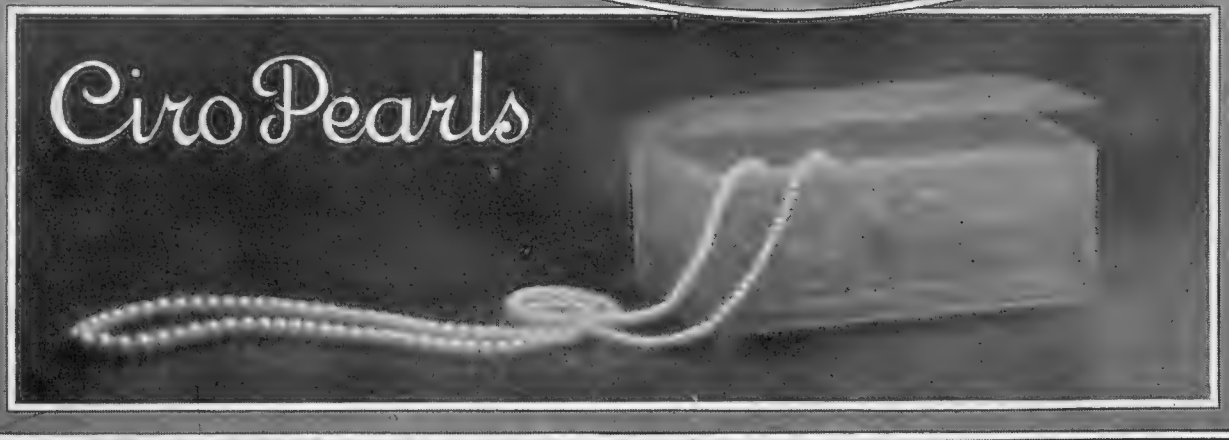
OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Ciro Pearl Necklet, 16 inches long, with gold clasp, in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference, return to us, and we will refund your money in full.

Write for Booklet No. 7, post free.

Ciro Pearls Ltd

178, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
48, OLD BOND STREET, W. 120, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, BRISTOL NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, EDINBURGH, DUBLIN.



The portrait is after the famous painting of Lady Hamilton by Romney. Camera Study by Hoppe

The BYSTANDER

£500 GOLF TROPHY

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1926 AT ADDINGTON

A Silver Cup for the Winning Professional—

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY VALUED AT £500

—and a similar cup to be awarded to his Lady Partner

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over 36 holes (Medal Play).

Professionals to be rated at plus 4. Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.
Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap.

All Ties for 1st, 2nd or 3rd places, must be played off next day over 18 holes.

Among the FAMOUS PROFESSIONALS who have entered are:—

GEORGE GADD	J. J. TAYLOR	H. AMOS
JOSH. TAYLOR	W. L. RITCHIE	W. B. SMITH
ARTHUR HAVERS	F. RUTTER	ALEX HERD
F. H. FROSTICK	R. HERD	ABE MITCHELL
TOM TRAPP	E. RAY	J. H. TAYLOR
GEORGE DUNCAN	G. DOUGHTY	H. C. JOLLY

Invitations have been issued to 60 clubs in and around London. All Competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Monday and Tuesday, March 22nd and 23rd, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

Letters from the Hebrides

ISLE OF SKYE.

"To-day, in the cellar, Cameron came on a treasure we had long forgotten—the little four-gallon brass-bound keg which we used to call the *Colonel's Bottle*. It must be nearly twenty years since it got lost 'behind the faggots,' as the French say. There were two good quarts still left in it of the only whisky my father could drink with pleasure—genuine Bulloch Lade

"It had filled his flask for forest, moor and stream; was the only cordial spirit he cared for at the table. 'There is not a harsh word or a headache in a hogshead of it,' he would say at the age of over eighty.

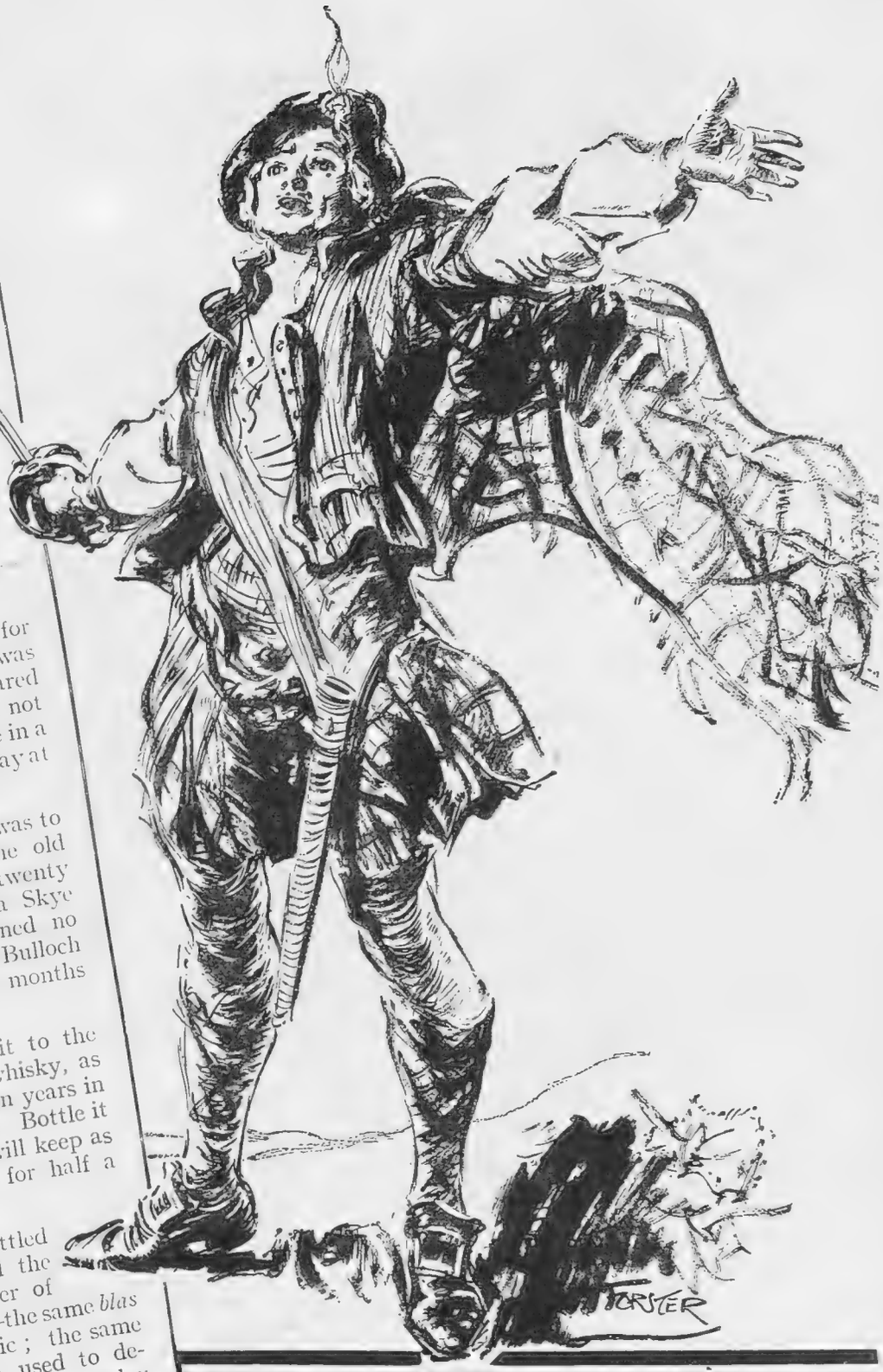
"The strange thing was to find from a taste of the old man's keg to-day, after twenty years of wintering in a Skye cellar, that it has gained no higher quality than the Bulloch Lade we laid down six months ago in bottle.

"There is a limit to the maturing period of whisky, as of wines; after fifteen years in wood it sulks a little. Bottle it in its 'teens and it will keep as fresh as the dawn for half a century!

"In my bottled Bulloch Lade is all the distinctive character of the Colonel's keg—the same *blas* as we say in Gaelic; the same fragrant tang he used to describe as the breath of barley and bog-myrtle. Unless you 'drown the miller' altogether, that essential, seductive quality comes through any water you may add to it, either mineral or from mountain wells.

"A blythe drink! The cordial for companionship!"

Alan Breck MacNeill.



BULLOCH LADE GOLD LABEL

Pedigree Scotch Whisky

BULLOCH LADE is £7 10 0 per case of twelve bottles, or 12/6 per bottle, and is obtainable through all leading Wine and Spirit Merchants, Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Licensed Houses and good Stores

BULLOCH LADE & CO., LTD. *Distillers* GLASGOW & LONDON

C5

FEMINA

PICTURES AND WALLPAPERS

By MRS. M. VINCE

Stage Photo Co.

MRS. FRANCIS GOULDEN

Whose marriage to Mr. Francis Goulden of St. Leonards-on-Sea took place by special permission of the Pope at Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane, on March 4th. Mrs. Goulden, who, before her marriage, was Miss Millie Naintre, is a daughter of the popular Luigi of the Embassy Club

IF painters of pictures and designers of wall-papers had trade unions, like bricklayers and engineers, there would be the same trouble going on about the inside of the house as there is about the outside of it. As it is, everybody has been talking about the steel houses which are to take the place of brick, but not a single leading article has been written about the new wall-papers. And yet, politically, the two things are much the same. For the newest fashion is for wall-papers which are themselves pictures, for landscapes which cover the walls.

IF there were trade unions I am not quite sure which would be most aggrieved. Would it be the painter of pictures who would say: "My occupation is gone. Where are my pictures to hang if every wall is to be one big landscape?" Or would it be the designer of wall-papers who would say: "No, it is *my* occupation that is gone. If you give the painter of pictures the whole of the wall to paint on, what is to become of me and my designs?"

FORTUNATELY, we have not to consider it as a political, but only as an æsthetic question. Are you tired of walls and their constraint? Do you want to pretend that you are living in the middle of a park or a garden or an orchard? There are people I know who want to pretend in this way. I have seen a flat where they were pretending that they wanted to live in the middle of a sunset. To pretend to live in a garden or an orchard is much simpler.

YOU will now find in all the shops landscape-panels meant to cover entire walls. I saw one which was an autumn scene with brown trees in the background and foxgloves all along the foreground, and another which was a picture of a woodland lake. These papers are complete and realistic landscapes. But there is still another development of the landscape idea. The greater part of the wall is covered with a plain paper—cream or grey. This plain expanse is the sky, and all along it is a frieze of landscape, pasted on to it, which is repeated round the room. Sometimes it is a garden; sometimes an orchard; sometimes a copse; sometimes woods and hills. One such design which I saw had an orchard in flower; another had primroses and chestnuts and red may trees; another had hyacinths and daffodils, with flowering trees behind—and so on. In some cases not only is the landscape pasted on to the sky, but the individual trees on to the landscape. You can have them planted on the walls or not as you like—keep the forest in the distance or, like the magical wood in "Dear Brutus," bring the trees, as it were, almost in at the window.

I CAN see another trade union becoming involved in the dispute—the Union, if such exists, of the Landscape Gardeners. We shall be having its members going to the wall-paper manufacturers and decorators and asking them what about it. Do they mean not only to take the bread out of the mouths of the painters of pictures by leaving them no place where their pictures can be hung, but even to take over the gardener's job for him and try to do it inside the house?

IF Miss Austen were writing "Mansfield Park" to-day, Mr. Crawfurd would certainly have been a different sort of amateur "improver." He would have attended to the walls instead of the park, planned a wilderness in Mr. Rushworth's drawing-room instead of criticising the wilderness in his grounds, and all that scene at Sotherton would have to take place indoors instead of out.

I CAN see these landscape-papers being carried yet another step. Next year perhaps we shall be buying our wall-papers not by the piece but by the plant; and in the spring the householder will be coming home with packets of seeds for the garden (that is, if he is still interested in real gardens) in his pockets, and under his arm a wood of full-grown oak trees, or a plantation of silver birches, just turning brown, or an orchard or assorted fruit trees for the dining-room or drawing-room walls.

WHEN you carry the idea only this one step further, you see at once the absurdity which is in it the whole time. You see that although these landscape friezes may look very ingenious and attractive at first sight, it is, in fact, only a nursery idea. It is to play at decorating. It is make-believe and not art.

A RIVIERA "FIND" *S'Ora*

Mlle. Maria Ley, whose dancing has been a great attraction at the Casino Municipal at Cannes. Mlle. Ley, who is a Viennese, will also be seen at Deauville and Paris

A CRITIC of the 'nineties wrote a very good passage on the absurdity of some of the realistically decorated table china of his day. "I do not see," he said, "the wisdom of decorating dinner-plates with sunsets and soup-plates with moonlight scenes. I do not think it adds anything to the pleasure of the canvas-back duck to take it out of such glories. Besides, we do not want a soup-plate whose bottom seems to vanish in the distance. One feels neither safe nor comfortable under such conditions."

WHAT is true of dinner-plates and soup-plates is just as true of walls. If the one is to hold the duck or the soup, the others are to hold us and our belongings. You may hang pictures on the walls to look at, and cut windows in the walls to look out of, and they are still walls. You are not interfering with their proper function. But to make it try to appear that there are no walls is to make oneself feel neither "safe nor comfortable."

His True Love!

From the time a young man smokes his first real pipe, he crosses the threshold of what is sometimes a life-long search—the quest of the ideal. From mixture to flake and back again to mixture, brand after brand—all are explored and sampled with the keenness and avidity of youthful enthusiasm. And all the time his "taste" is being formed and moulded—his judgment is ripening.

It is only when he comes to Craven—the tobacco de luxe of this generation—that he feels his quest has ended. That he has discovered the fragrant mixture which will give him a lifetime of cool peace-bestowing pipe comfort—his true smoking love at long last. *Sir James Barrie was so enthusiastic over its deep, rich, old-fashioned flavour that he immortalised its superior charms as "A Tobacco to* Live *For."*

craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO

Made by Carreras Ltd. London. Established 1788.

Have You Tried Double Broad Cut?

It realises the smoker's ideal—perfect combustion.

Never a doubt of its traditional worthiness!
Never a question of its age-old purity!
Ever popular from generation to generation.

Dewar's.

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

I want to plead guilty over having gone very badly astray, and tender the requisite apology. Last week I was bemoaning the fact that it was impossible to get on with the job in Paris, any job, because half of the Parisians appeared to be exclusively occupied in wasting the time of the other half. That letter was written in a condition approaching acute melancholia because of several days' efforts in finding the concealed official who alone could place the necessary stamp on a bit of paper, not likely to be asked for in twenty years, but obligatory none the less.

"The right to twenty-four frocks"

As I, along with all those who have had to fill up copy-books as a corrective to over-exuberance in class, was brought up in the belief that two blacks never could make a white, I could see no redeeming virtue about this most thoroughly organised time-wasting system. I would have laid extreme odds that this was the one cloud that could not possibly have a silver lining. But that magnificent and terribly maligned institution, the French Post Office, has turned the cloud about and revealed the silver.

On two consecutive occasions express letters which were sent, inviting me to engagements which I did not wish to attend but which I had no adequate excuse for evading, were most considerately held up till the morning after the entertainment. And thus did a worthy and noble institution prove that by wasting time it could save it. Against the date of December 31 in my diary I have made a note for a double-sized Christmas box for the diminutive *pneumatique*-boy, to mark the fact that his tiny feet are firmly set on the first rung of a perfect system.

Simultaneously, I would like to champion the cause of one who was lately very roughly criticised by some of my caustic friends of America. This is Mr. Cyril Tolley, the golf-ball smiter, who saw a tennis ball that had been hit by Miss Helen Wills pitch on a different side of the line from that on which the American spectators visioned it, and, as linesman, called the ball out. And, although Mr. Tolley was better placed than anybody, these said American friends—quite good lads with whom I have partaken of "Three-mile limit" and other cocktails—insisted that he had seen "wrong," and, unintentionally of course, had deprived fair Helen of a game-point, probably of a set and thus of the match. They work things out to the logical extreme, these one-hundred-per-cent. laddies.

Well, I did not see the match, but I am one-hundred-per-cent. confident about Mr. Tolley. I hold what I consider to be irrefutable evidence on the perfection of his sight. On his way to the south he stopped in Paris to have a little golf with André Vagliano and played over my home course, returning the verdict that it was too long, and thus inducing the greens committee to shorten it. Two thousand five-hundred members of this club are now prepared to back Mr. Tolley's eyes against any pair, or collection of pairs, in the world, and no amount of American "rooting" will shake them in the slightest.

"Diminutive *pneumatique*-boy"

"Who have had to fill up copy-books as a corrective"

As for the match of Helen, while we are ready to accord her abundance of credit for a wonderful performance, nothing will convince us in Paris that she was playing against the real Suzanne. Maybe Suzanne can be blamed for not being at her best when she ought to have been, but that is a different issue. It seems unchallengeably clear to us who have had continuous opportunity of studying the Lenglen methods that Suzanne's brains were working on the lowest gear practically throughout. Only for one brief period, at the height of the crisis in the second set, did they get into top gear, and then, by setting the heavily-built Helen on a chase for the ball, she ran her into a state of fatigue in about four games.

As Suzanne's tennis, usually, is as much brains as *raquette*, it seems evident to us that she would have initiated this chase at the outset had the head-piece been tuned-up to the normal. A little abstention from late dancing might be very beneficial. Having seen Georges Carpentier lose a World's Championship to the crab-like boxer Siki, through going into the ring out of condition, I would not like to witness a similar downfall on the part of Suzanne. We are full of confidence, however, that the return match in Paris in June will tell

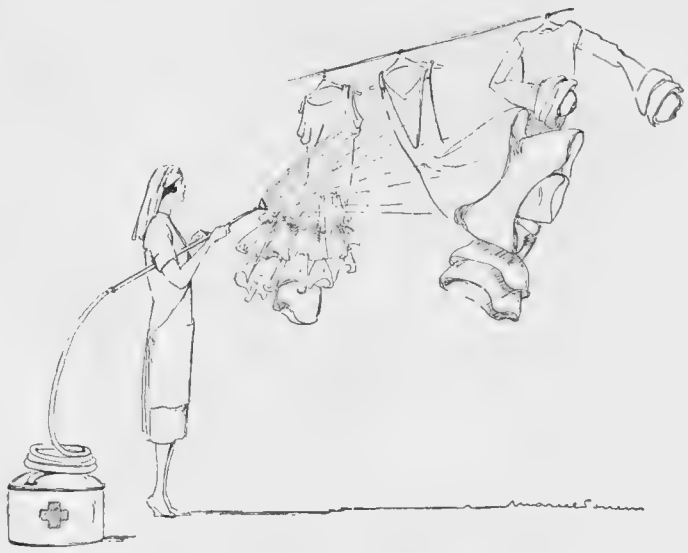
another story, unless Suzanne's heart-strain shows stubborn resistance to treatment.

S

FOR a long time now the cheapest thing in Paris has been the taxi-cab. When you can have a ride from the Place de l'Opéra along the boulevards and the whole stretch of the Champs Elysées to the gates of the Bois de Boulogne for five francs, fully appreciated tip included, it is next door to a gift. So we do not complain over the projected twenty-five per cent. increase. But we do feel somewhat resentful over the Council Committee's proposal to increase the fares two and a half times after 11 p.m., which means, in practice, for the theatre taxi-cab. Two and a half times is rather too big a leap into extravagance for a single bound. One wonders how some of these Municipal Councillors ever contrive to get themselves re-elected in view of the little account they give to the pockets of their electors. No doubt they have their own cars, so the new scale will mean nothing to them personally, but I hope their constituents give a two and half majority to their opponents at the next election.

S

INCREASED costs all round are leading to some extraordinary innovations, and one of the most peculiar of these is a project for the provision of frocks on something like the circulating library system, the scheme of one of the big (*à la page*) *houses*. You take out an *abonnement* (season-ticket, or "contract," as they call it north of the Trent), the value of which varies according to the amount you are willing to devote to frocks or coats. Should you be able to afford the top-price, the first-class *abonnement* gives you the right to twenty-four frocks or coats of the latest *mode*, cut to your measure.



"The garments are given a course of hospital treatment"

S

THOSE who pay this tariff will, of course, be of the class who do not wish to wear the same *robe* or *manteau* many times, and as soon as it has lost their favour they return it. Now comes the moment for the others, who can only afford the second-class *abonnement*. They also, as I understand it, have a call on twenty-four frocks or coats, but they do not come to them immediately from the previous wearers. First the garments are given a course of hospital treatment, including thorough disinfection, then, after being given the latest fashionable touches, are re-made as new and adjusted to the measurements of the new wearer. Like this Neuilly can keep pace with Passy in style and cut without the risk of overstraining the slenderer Neuilly purse. RENÉ.

Have the recognised Best—"Say Spalding"

Recognition

Stitchless or with Cemented Seams.

The Lawn Tennis Association Standard of Deformation required for 1926, is as follows:

"A deformation of not less than .290 of an inch and not more than .315 of an inch when subjected to a pressure of 18 lbs. applied to each end of any diameter at a temperature approximating to 68 degrees Fahrenheit."

APPROVED by the L.T.A. FOR CHAMPIONSHIP & MATCH PLAY

The above ruling creates a necessity for a style of Ball similar to that introduced in 1920 and since maintained by

"SPALDING"

PLUGLESS

TENNIS BALLS

21/- Per Doz.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

From Leading Sports Dealers or any "Spalding" Store.

No. K 815.

The Latest Slide Opening Cigarette Case (Patent) for Ladies' or Gents' Use. Engine-turned solid Silver with Richly Chased Borders. Finest possible quality and finish. **£8 8s.**

Match Case to correspond, **£5 5s.**

VICKERY'S New Address:

145—147 REGENT ST.

Novelties for Easter, Wedding and Bridesmaids' Gifts.

No. K 245.

SPECIAL VALUE.

Platinum and Diamond Wrist Watch.

Only **£18 18s. 0d.**

No. K 50.

Diamonds, Sapphire, Platinum Set 18-ct. Gold. £12 15s

J·C VICKERY·

145 & 147 REGENT ST. LONDON. W.1.

By Appointment
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen
Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

'No friends like Old friends'

PLAYER'S

IN PACKETS OF 10 AND 20 — IN BOXES OF 50 AND 100

P.1274 A

The above Advertisement first appeared in 1902. To quote a famous Statesman of that day: "What we have said, we have said."

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

LONDON has had its historians and also its guides. Notoriously, however, Londoners know little enough about their own City, and how little they really do know may be realised if you read Mr. H. V. Morton's picturesque book, *The Spell of London* (Methuen, 3*s.* 6*d.* net).

Mr. Morton, I should imagine, has all the qualities which go to make up the great explorer. He is curious, and he is sympathetic. He is interested alike in men and in things, and throughout his travels in London there is that one essential to all travel-books, the personal touch. And what astonishing things and astonishing people he has come across! Can this amazing city he is telling us of be our dear old London, with its mud and its fogs and its overcrowded 'buses and tubes?

Some of his adventures, indeed, are almost incredible. Who but he would have gone *inside* Big Ben and run the risk of permanent deafness? Who else has witnessed the ceremony of saluting the King's Keys? Could you walk straight to Wapping Stairs or even Berwick Market? And which bridge would you choose to throw yourself off—if you happen to feel rather gloomier than usual? Mr. Morton takes you to hospitals, newspaper offices, theatrical auditions, the Charterhouse, the Old Bailey, and to a hundred little-known corners. And he writes in a light-hearted fashion which does not prevent him from being commendably serious on occasion. You might think that London had been sadly "overwritten": Mr. Morton's book, with its delicate vignettes, is good proof to the contrary.

❋

THE coming of the motor-car has altered civilisation. Incidentally it has brought into a new importance our old inns. True, these houses of call require much "doing up" if we are to be expected to stay in them, but scattered about the country there are still to be seen many of them which retain most of their ancient features. And if you are a motorist or a pedestrian explorer I commend to your notice *The English Inn Past and Present* (Batsford, 21*s.* net), by A. E. Richardson and H. Eberlein. Here in the pleasantest way you are taken on a historico-geographical trip, and as the publisher has been lavish with his illustrations, you can enjoy every moment of it. The inn, indeed, if properly studied, can do much to interpret the social history of this country, and this book, written graciously and without any fanciful trimmings, though by no means without its multitude of good stories, may be taken as both an accurate guide and a delightful entertainment.

❋

I SEE that the late "Lord" George Sanger's sprightly memoirs have been reprinted with an introduction by that charming writer, Kenneth Grahame. *Seventy Years a Showman* (Dent, 6*s.* net) is full of unexpected yarns and amusing quips. Incidentally it shows you just what "showman's licence" may mean. Mr. Sanger must have been a man of great personality, and his life-story is robust and at times almost uncomfortably dramatic. The present generation may not know "Lord" George or his wonderful shows—they may even despise the old-fashioned circus—but even they should enjoy being "taken behind" and shown the fat lady who was not really so fat, or the oyster that smoked, or those lions which were not always on their best behaviour.

Herbert Lambert

MR. H. V. MORTON

Whose new book, "The Spell of London," was recently published by Methuen & Co., Ltd. It deals with the charm of London in an attractive and original style

I LOOK upon Mr. Douglas Jerrold's new book, *Henry VIII and His Wives* (Hutchinson, 24*s.* net), as an enjoyable, though rather unnecessary, volume. Mr. Jerrold has lighted on no new material, and, in general, may be said to steer a safe and conventional course. True, he draws a fairly life-like picture of the fat monarch himself, and the wives' procession is treated with something of the real pageant-master's touch. Yet I seem to have read it all before, and more than once. At the same time many people will find it not only convenient, but delightful, to take their history in this innocuous way, and Mr. Jerrold unquestionably wields his pen with a skilful grace which several more orthodox historians might legitimately envy. Miss Kitty Shannon's illustrations in colour are highly decorative.

❋

FATHER RONALD KNOX—most stimulating of writers—seems at the moment to be confining himself to the wireless. You remember the recent hullabaloo about his spoof news-bulletin. In his new novel, *Other Eyes Than Ours* (Methuen, 7*s.* 6*d.* net), you are invited to join a house-party where the host has invented a new broadcasting apparatus of such power and such delicacy that communication is possible with—those spirits who are so fond of appearing at dark-room *séances*!

Now spiritualism, whatever you may happen to think of it, is a legitimate background for the novelist, and it has been treated in all sorts of ways. Father Knox prefers the weapon of satire, which he applies with such pungency and such success that you cannot but enjoy every word of his story.

Somebody once wrote, I remember, a story about a little group of pioneer spirits who diligently set out to prove to their fellow-spirits that material man really existed. Father Knox plays deliciously with a somewhat similar idea, but, unlike the writer of that story, he carries it to its logical conclusion. I will not spoil your pleasure by detailing the ludicrous developments which follow on the invention of the new apparatus, but I can assure you that *Other Eyes Than Ours* is a worthy successor to *Memoirs of the Future*, and that means not a little.

"MEMOIRS OF A POOR DEVIL," by Thomas Murray Ford (A. M. Philpot, Ltd.) tell of a varied life in and among ships, in Sport, in the Street of Adventure, and the publishing trade. The author gossips pleasantly of actors and actresses he has met, some on the "legitimate" stage, some in "variety," and some in the film world. There are racy stories of the old Volunteer Force, and its relation to the Volunteers in the Great War, besides a host of personal anecdotes of the people most talked about. This is an eminently readable book.

SPECIAL GLOVE & HOSIERY WEEK

March 8th to March 13th.

During our Spring Display of Gloves and Hosiery, the entire stock, including all the latest Novelties, will be marked at SPECIAL PRICES.

Reliable Washing French Castor at pre-duty price in white and yellow at **3/11** per pair

Exceptional offer **Mocha Finish Reliable Washleather.** British manufacture. In white and yellow, best finish and workmanship. **7/3** per pair

Heavy French Suede Mocha Finish for hard wear. In dark beaver, grey, brown, and beaver. **5/11** per pair

Best Bark Tan Cape Sac, hand sewn block, in tan, cream, light tan. **9/6** per pair Suitable for motoring.

K 168. Heavy Four-Thread Mercerised Lisle, with embroidered clocks, full fashioned in nude, grey rose, beige, dark nude, wood, mushroom, light beaver dark beaver, putty, light grey, medium grey, black and white. **5/6** per pair Also in finer quality with open work clocks, 2/11 per pair

Wear clean gloves, *as sketch,* in **English Doeskin.** In beaver, arab, putty, grey, cinnamon, white and yellow. **9/9** per pair Also short sac, same colours, 7/11 per pair

S 36. Reynier quality Washable Suede, selected leather, in black not washable white, light grey, light and dark beaver, pastel and putty. 8 button length **12/6** per pair 12 ,, 16/3 ,, 16 ,, 22/9 ,, 20 ,, in black, white, cream and putty only, 26/9

K 177. Fine marle, mercerised lisle, with fancy embroidered clocks, in grey, white, beige/white, brown/white, fawn/white and sand/grey mixtures. **6/11** per pair

K 181. British-made Pure Silk Stockings called "Marshella," with lisle feet and tops and pointed heel. In nude, beige, champagne, banana, fawn, sand, tobac, light and dark putty, silver grey, French grey, black and white. **6/6** per pair

K 170. Fine Wool Under Stockings, in flesh colour. Full fashioned. **5/6** per pair Seamless, 2/8 & 3/6 per pair.

K 5. "Masel" Pure Silk throughout. In shades of flesh, nude, pastel, biscuit, beige, ocre, peach, fawn, putty, noisette, wood, grey, rose, mushroom, blonde tinsel, silver, silver grey, medium grey, brown, black and white. **13/6** per pair

K 166. Remarkable value at pre-duty price English-made **Ribbed Spun Silk** in the following plain colours, nude, fawn, sand, putty, beaver, mushroom, grey and black. Also in marl mixtures of nude, beige, fawn and contra. **9/6** per pair

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1

41. Celanese and Artificial Silk Mixture of effective appearance, with mercerised lisle feet and tops. Full fashioned. In nude, beige, fawn, sand, putty, mushroom grey, and brown marle mixtures. **4/6** per pair

The LONDON SHOE COMPANY'S range of new Spring styles

With the approach ot spring every well-dressed woman gives serious attention to the selection of shoes. On their careful choice depends the success, or otherwise, of her new spring frocks. We have always appreciated this at the London Shoe Company and are renowned for the comprehensive variety of styles and fittings which we offer to our customers. We invite you to visit any of our Salons, and inspect our new Spring stock.

EB 1614.—A best quality London hand-made Beige or Grey Glace Kid Promenade shoe with Water Snake fittings to tone. Louis XV heel **65/-**

HB2197.—A dainty court shoe in beige Calf embossed in gold—an entirely new material—Louis XV heel covered gold kid. Also made in embossed silver with silver kid covered heel **55/-**

HB2114.—An extremely handsome new design in brocade, silver, with silver kid fittings or gold with gold kid fittings. Louis XV heel **50/-**

EB1057.—A dainty bar shoe made on an entirely new last giving perfect fit. Colourings of stone or opal grey glace kid. Also Tan Willow Calf **42/-**

EB1616.—Stone coloured glace kid trimmed real Lizard skin to tone. Louis XV heel, of extremely exclusive design **50/-**. *Also in Tan Willow Calf with Lizard Skin trimming to match* **45/-**

HB2171—This model is an advance design of a new mode. Made on our new French last with Louis XV heel. An extremely neat design in beige Broche. **45/-**

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ON THE CROISETTE

Mr. Leighton Crawford, the well-known lawn tennis player, photographed on the Croisette at Cannes, with his Austin "Seven"

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

THE recent dry weather has been responsible for great activity on the part of those whose profession in life is the painting of white lines on roads. These, in most cases valuable, lines have been worn out during the winter, and their replacement was difficult until drier conditions arrived. These conditions have been seized on, and old lines are being renewed while new ones are being marked out—sometimes in the most unexpected places. The new lines inside the Park at Hyde Park Corner are well laid out, and should do much to simplify the traffic at crowded week-ends. Another interesting traffic change is the uprooting of street islands in Trafalgar Square and the sudden growth of others at more or less unexpected spots. Gyrating in Trafalgar Square will, I think, prove most amusing, particularly in greasy weather.

* *
*

THERE is a peculiar fascination to the ardent motorist in possession of a long gleaming bonnet projecting into the middle distance. Whether it contains a vast engine or not, the long bonnet always suggests power. This fact was particularly impressed upon me by a week-end which I recently spent in the company of an entirely delectable 30 h.p. Minerva. Not only did the lengthy and dignified bonnet impress me with the possibilities which it might contain, but it obviously impressed other road-users. Even traffic policemen would hold up the smaller fry on the road to allow the dignified Minerva to pass. Although of only thirty nominal horse-power, the Minerva had an amazing performance, and yet remained silent, sweet, and supple. With a heavy closed body, which caused the complete car to weigh over 2 tons, a speed of over 70 m.p.h. was possible on the level. I am sorry that more accurate figures cannot be given, but the marking on the speedometer dial only went up to seventy, and the needle travelled some distance past that!

* *
*

THE Minerva is an exceptionally good hill-climber. With four passengers on the car the well-known Brockley Hill was brushed aside at a minimum speed of 35 m.p.h. on top gear, although the speed at the foot was only 20 m.p.h. Dashwood Hill, on the Oxford Road, brought the Minerva down to third, yet even here the minimum speed was 32 m.p.h. It is difficult to describe the different features of the Minerva because everything, whether steering, suspension, or comfort, was so uniformly good, but special mention must be made of the brakes. No finer brakes have ever been operated by my foot. Of the four-wheel pattern, the system incorporates the Dewandré vacuum control, which is a simple yet efficient device by which the vacuum in the induction pipe is utilised to

(*Continued on page 572*)

14-40 VAUXHALL £550

A fine car—A wonderful price

EVERYBODY on seeing the new season's big-bodied, six-braked Vauxhall 'Princeton' touring car pronounces it astonishing value. They know they can buy cars in the same horse-power class for much less money, and get excellent value too. But to be able to buy a *Vauxhall* for £550 is what strikes them as wonderful; equally low-priced is the 'Bedford' saloon, £650. ¶ Besides the great boon of freedom of transport, the Vauxhall brings you the finer joys of motoring and the very human satisfaction of owning — well, a *Vauxhall!* ¶ Ask for full particulars

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Telephone: Museum 8216 (3 lines)
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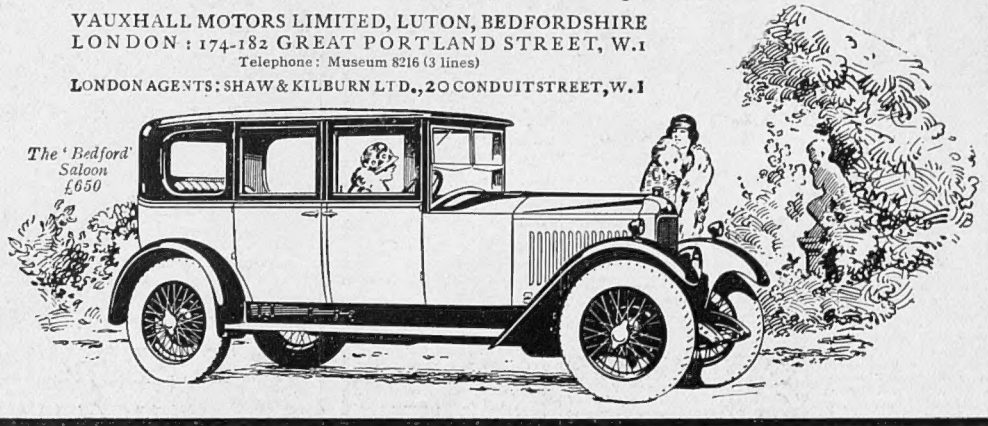
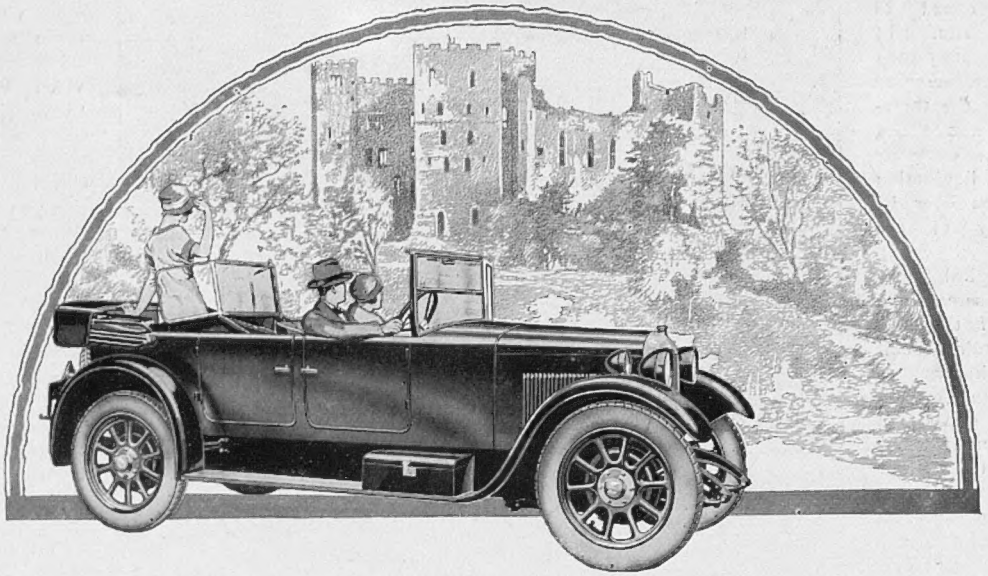


Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

Eight body styles in the 14-40 h.p. series: prices from £550 to £885. The 'Bedford' saloon £650—another instance of particularly good value.

Other models: 23-60 h.p. from £895; 30-98 h.p. from £1,150; 25-70 h.p. (single-sleeve six) from £1,350.



"A 'Pukka' Job"

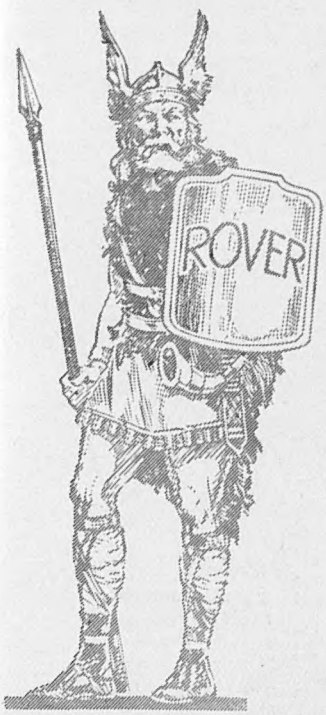
To own a 14/45 h.p. Rover is to realise how enjoyable motoring can be: the owner who wrote the following letter has proved it. Here is his opinion:

January 28th, 1926.

May I compliment you on your new 14/45 h.p. Rover car? Mine has now done over 5,000 miles, and its wonderful engine flexibility (equals that of any six-cylinder car I have known), coupled with its almost complete silence and ability to hold the road, and responding perfectly to the steering at all speeds, makes me more than delighted with it every day. I have been a Rover owner for some years, but must confess that I changed over to your new model with a certain amount of anxiety. There was, however, not the slightest need for such feeling. I am absolutely convinced that it is far ahead of your previous models. It is a remarkable engineering achievement, completed with a high standard of bodywork; in fact, an ideal car for the owner driver who wants a pukka job.

May we tell you more about this remarkable car?

2/3-str., £550; 5-str., £560; Coupé or Weymann type saloon, £660; Saloon, £760.
All prices include full equipment.



ROVER

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED
61 NEW BOND ST., W.1 & COVENTRY

Rover holds the DEWAR TROPHY "For Merit"

increase the pressure on the brake gear. The brakes are smooth, silent, and exceptionally powerful, while the pressure required by the pedal was exactly suited to my system of driving. The 30 h.p. Minerva is something more than a motor car. It is really a motor carriage.

***

CONSIDERABLE developments lie ahead of Bentley Motors, Ltd. In order that the company may keep abreast of the increased demands, both for the three-litre and for the new "Big Six," the present company is going into liquidation and will be taken over by a new company of the same name as a going concern, fresh capital being introduced at the same time. The Chairman of the new company is Captain Woolf Barnato, well known to Brooklands *habitués*, who was one of the drivers of the three-litre Bentley when it set up the twenty-four hours world's record at Montlhéry. The present liquidation proceedings will have no effect whatever upon the policy, the trading, or the personnel of the present business, which will continue as before, except that greater capital facilities will be provided.

***

WHEN one finds one has a spare day on one's hands there is no better form of enjoyment than motoring, to wander up hill and down dale in search of new hills, provided, of course, that the weather is not too bad. Recently I spent such a day in Kent and Sussex trying speed bursts on the main roads, now and then turning off to try some steep hill or other of which I knew. This day was notable for two reasons. The first that the car was one of the new 14-60 h.p. Lancia Lambda De Luxe models, and the other that I had one of the best motoring lunches ever set before me at the Castle Hotel at Tunbridge Wells. It is needless for me to say that the excellent provision for the inner man did not affect my judgment of the Lancia, but rather it was the coincidence of two good things which made this day so noteworthy.

***

THE new Lancia provides increased leg-room and seating capacity, while extra comfort is provided by the low-pressure tyres. The famous Lancia characteristics are all retained. The car is a wonderful hill-climber, possessing an engine which is a glutton for revolutions, and, what is equally important, a gear box with sensible ratios and a remarkably easy change. There is also an excellent system of four-wheel braking, which enables the blindest of corners to be negotiated with the greatest safety. The two features which most impressed me with the Lancia were its performance on hills and the ideal way in which it took corners. The unique construction of the combined frame and body entirely rules out any side sway; this excellent feature being assisted by the low build of the chassis. On hills an intelligent use of the gear box allows of really surprising speeds, although the engine is just a shade over two litres.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVELLER

Major and Mrs. Court Treatt with one of the Crossley cars with which they travelled from the Cape to Cairo by motor, for the first time in history

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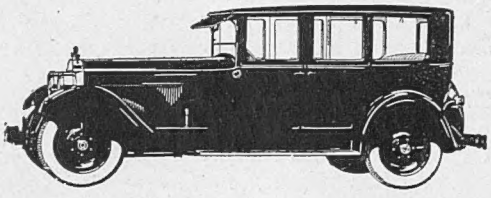

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